

WORK AND WIN

An Interesting Weekly for Young America.

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FRED FEARNOT'S "FREE FOR ALL!"

OR, HIS GREAT INDOOR MEET.

By HAL STANDISH.



As the crowd was being pushed back, Evelyn dashed through the clubmen to his side, as he lay unconscious on the floor, and cried out: "Fred! Fred! Are you hurt? Speak to me. Tell me, are you not hurt?"

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FRED FEARNOT'S "FREE FOR ALL"

OR,

His Great Indoor Meet.

By **Hal Standish**

CHAPTER I.

HOW EVELYN AND MARY MET TWO TRAMPS.

The second game with the fencing team of Yale College had the effect of giving the new club a national reputation. Fred Fearnot already had a national reputation as an all-around athlete, but it had never been claimed or emphasized. The public press from New York to San Francisco seemed to agree upon the fact that he was really the champion fencer of America, and all sorts of offers came to him from clubs in the larger cities of the country to take charge of their management at extremely attractive salaries, but neither he nor Terry Olcott cared to remove from New York. In fact, they both wanted to get out of the club business and get to work on their own hooks. They were looking forward to the time when they would be financially able to organize their own athletic team and visit with it many of the great cities.

They had also received offers to enter the employ of certain business houses at most remunerative salaries. A certain big business house in New York offered them ten thou-

sand dollars a year each to enter their employ as traveling salesmen.

They didn't care, however, to go into the mercantile business.

Judge Fearnot one night expressed himself as being just a bit apprehensive that either of them would be badly hurt if they continued in the athletic business, as accidents were liable to happen at almost any time. Both Evelyn and Mary expressed the same apprehensions. Both the boys laughed at the idea, saying that they were running no more risks than they had in the past five or six or seven years; in fact, not as much.

One day they were surprised at receiving a visit from half a dozen of the most prominent citizens of Fredonia. Of course, they received them with great cordiality. During the visit a proposition was made to Fred and Terry from certain friends in Fredonia who would buy the ground and pay for the erection of the necessary buildings if they would establish an athletic school in that town. Fred was staggered.

"Why, my dear sirs," said he, "it couldn't do business enough in twelve months to pay the running expenses for

three months, because the population isn't there. Down here, the city population being over three millions, there is a prolific field for audiences; and, beside that, it is the great heart of the nation, and business men who visit the city once or twice a year are, from curiosity, led to visit the club grounds."

"Yes," said one of the party, "we know all that; but we also think that if the school were established there pupils would come from all parts of the country and enter for a course of training, and that will build up the town, for they will have to board with the residents."

"Gentlemen," said Fred, "the idea is simply absurd. I am willing to contribute to the prosperity of Fredonia as far as lies in my power; but it is no place for an athletic club. To make it pay it must be situated in the heart of a great population like New York; besides, I think that the home of a great orphans' institution is no place for an athletic club. Boys who ought not to will catch the athletic fever. Of course, I believe in every boy receiving an athletic training, but a village like Fredonia has no room for that sort of a fever."

The gentlemen were very much disappointed. They had come down to see him for that purpose and no other. He and Terry had done much for the upbuilding of the town and yielded to their requests on many occasions that they thought they would comply with any request that was made of them.

Fred in a very few moments convinced them of the absurdity of the suggestion, and they went away very much disappointed. Fred had told them, though, that perhaps he would visit Fredonia with an athletic troupe and give an exhibition during the coming summer season, provided he could find a convenient place for it.

A few days after the gentlemen from Fredonia had returned home Fred received a letter from Evelyn, in which she asked him about the visit of the party the week before. She said that there were all sorts of rumors flying about Fredonia, none of which she could understand intelligibly, and she asked him about the purpose of his visit. He wrote and explained to her what the gentlemen had proposed to him, and expressed his surprise at the absurdity of the idea. He informed her that he and Terry would run up to Fredonia on a late train Saturday night and remain over until Monday simply to see her and Mary. Of course, she and Mary were very glad to hear that news. Mrs. Olcott was not very well, and she suggested to Evelyn that she arrange for her and Mary to take them out to visit a friend who lived a couple of miles outside of town.

"If you don't," said she, "the house will be overrun with visitors all day long, and that I really couldn't stand."

Of course, the girls very quickly arranged to pay a visit to one of their old schoolmates who lived about two miles outside of the town in a very comfortable old farmhouse.

Judge Olcott let it be known that they would spend the day out in the country with the girls, and probably wouldn't return home until late Sunday night. Nobody suspected why such an arrangement had been made. So they came

up on a very early train on Sunday morning and were met at the station by the Olcott carriage and driven over to the Olcott home for breakfast. Even at that early hour quite a number of friends were at the station to meet them.

By some means or other it leaked out where they were going to spend the day with the girls.

Immediately after breakfast they re-entered the carriage and started out for the country. They reached there in due time and found that the friend whom they were to visit had made great preparations for their entertainment, while they had expected a good, quiet time at the comfortable old farmhouse. About ten o'clock carriages filled with Fredonia friends began arriving, and by noon there were at least a dozen visitors on hand. They were all friends of the hostess, and, of course, were made welcome; but Fred and Terry felt like seizing them and firing them over the fence. Some of them stated that they had heard that Fred and Terry were to leave for New York on the first train Monday morning, and that they wanted to see them before they did so.

It was provoking in the extreme. In the afternoon several other parties arrived. Evelyn and Mary were greatly amused, but Terry was fighting mad, and, of course, he was compelled to keep his wrath under complete control. It was utterly impossible for the lovers to go through with any quiet courtship. The visitors were principally interested in the matter of having them come to Fredonia and establish an athletic school there.

The two boys pool-pooled it, shook their heads, and said that it was impossible.

Evelyn's vivacity prevented it from becoming a "Quaker meeting," although some of them waited for the girls and Fred and Terry to start for home before they made a move to do so themselves. Mary Hamilton invited the young folks to come over to her house so as not to disturb Mrs. Olcott, who was quite ill, and Fred and Evelyn accepted the invitation, so they all spent the evening until ten o'clock with Mary. At that hour there were at least half a dozen visitors in the house, none of whom had been in the habit of calling there.

"Terry," said Fred, as they left the Hamilton cottage to go to Terry's home, "what's the matter with our roosting up in the trees to-night?"

"Just what I was going to suggest, Fred."

"This is about the worst failure that we ever made. Who was it that one time cried out in despair, 'Save me from my friends.'"

"I can't recall his name just now, Fred. I have read that it was quoted as from several different people, and never did know just who it was."

"Well, we'll have to make some other arrangement, Terry. Just for the fun of the thing, I want to come up again next Sunday. The girls must make different arrangements so that we can have a quiet time with them without having a crowd coming in on us."

Evelyn, of course, accompanied Fred and Terry back to

her home, and she laughed heartily at the sarcastic remarks that Fred and her brother were giving utterance to.

Fred suggested that they go up to the orphans' home and spend the entire day there.

"Great Scott!" said Terry, "that would bring a big crowd. It's a public institution, and they would crowd in on us like a camp-meeting, thinking that they would hear us sing."

"Leave it to Mary and me," said Evelyn.

"Say, make arrangements with the jailer," said Terry, "and tell him to refuse the cards of any visitors who may call."

"Indeed I won't," snapped Evelyn.

"We'll come right to the house here," said Fred, "and hang out a smallpox flag at the gate."

Several very absurd suggestions were made, and Evelyn objected to all of them. Finally Evelyn suggested that they both come up in disguise and get off at a way station a couple of miles from Fredonia and she would send a wagon down there for them.

"By George!" laughed Fred, "that is a good idea. We'll come up like a pair of tramps and bargain with the driver of the wagon to take us to town."

"What's the use of that," said Terry; "the driver would think it a good joke, and everybody in Fredonia would hear of it before breakfast. We'll just play tramps and walk into town bringing our ammonia guns with us to ward off the dogs or anybody else who might attempt to interfere with us."

Early the next morning, in order to catch the first train, Fred and Terry walked over to the station before breakfast, saying that they could reach the city in ample time to satisfy their hunger. They got up very early and dressed and were out of the house without seeing anyone. Evelyn rose rather early and sent one of the little children into their room to awaken them. The child came back with the story that they were not in their room at all. Then a search of the whole house was made, but nowhere could the boys be found. About nine o'clock a telegraph messenger boy called at the house with a dispatch for Evelyn.

It read:

"We have just had a good breakfast and enjoyed it."

Fred's name was signed to it. Evelyn burst into a hearty laugh and showed the telegram to her mother.

"Mother, they are down in New York," said she. "Just read this."

Mrs. Olcott read the dispatch and laughed, too.

Mr. Olcott snorted when he read it, and, putting on his hat, went over to the office.

Evelyn sent one of the children over to Mary's home telling her of the news she had just received.

Mary hurried over to see her, for it was a surprise that disconcerted her somewhat. She wanted to say certain things to Terry before he left.

Late that evening they both received letters by mail from the boys, in which were very extravagant descriptions of how they enjoyed themselves during their Sunday visit.

Fred suggested that they put out the report that they were not coming up again for several weeks.

Evelyn wrote back and suggested to them several ways of making a pleasant visit, and not be annoyed by officious visitors; but they apparently paid no attention to them. Evelyn, though, thought that she knew more about the boys than they knew themselves, for late Saturday afternoon she arranged with Mary to take a walk down the road a couple of miles early Sunday morning with one of her little brothers.

"Evelyn," Mary inquired, "do you really expect them to come up?"

"Yes, Mary, I really believe that they will. At any rate the walk won't hurt us." So on Sunday morning they started out down the road on foot. When they were within half a mile of the little wayside station they saw the train pass going westward, and they stopped and gazed after it like a couple of country girls. When it had passed out of sight they both turned and resumed their walk down the road. After they had gone a couple of hundred yards or more they saw two extremely dilapidated-looking tramps coming toward them.

"Oh, Evelyn!" exclaimed Mary, "here come two awful dirty-looking old tramps! What in the world shall we do?"

Evelyn stopped and looked at them, and, after a few minutes' gazing, she laughed and said:

"Why, I'm going to kiss both of them, Mary."

"What!" Mary fairly gasped, horrified at the suggestion.

"Why, yes. Don't you know brother's walk?" and Evelyn laughed.

Mary looked again and shook her head.

"Which one do you think is Terry?" she asked.

"Why, the one on the right. They couldn't fool me to save their lives."

"Evelyn, that isn't Terry, nor is the other one Fred. The one on the right has a slight limp."

Evelyn laughed and remarked:

"Yes, I know that limp. He has tried it on me several times."

The little brother whom Evelyn had brought along with them looked up and said:

"Sister, that isn't brother Terry."

"Oh, you little goose," she replied, "you don't know your own brother."

"Yes, I do," he retorted; "but that isn't brother. It's an old, dirty tramp."

"Well, you just come on and I'll show you," and she led the way down the road, every moment coming nearer and nearer to the two ragged-looking tramps, and as she advanced her face was wreathed in smiles.

The tramps wore a ragged hat each and an unkempt beard. Mary hung back trembling like a leaf, with her eyes riveted upon the one on the right.

When they were within about ten paces of them the girls stopped and stared at them, and for awhile Evelyn had a

little bit of doubt in her mind as to their identity. She walked straight up to one of them, looked him straight in the eyes and then turned to Mary, saying:

"Mary, come and kiss your sweetheart," and with that she rushed at the tramp, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The tramp exclaimed:

"Hello, hello! What do you think of this, pard?"

"Well," said the other, "it strikes me as something sweet and unexpected."

When she had kissed him, Evelyn jerked the beard off the tramp's face and set it flying clear across the roadway, and there stood Terry unmasked before them.

"Oh, you boys can't fool me," she laughed, and she rushed at Fred and gave him a similar reception.

"Terry, I told you that we couldn't fool her," said Fred.

"Well," laughed Mary, "you did fool me. Evelyn knew Terry's walk more than a hundred yards back up the road."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the little brother, "what in the world are you dressed up in such dirty rags for, brother?"

"Why, just to have a little fun; but don't you say a word to any of your little friends about Fred and I having come up to Fredonia."

"Where in the world did you get up such a costume as that?" Evelyn asked, as she stood off and surveyed them both.

"Oh, we bought them at a second-hand clothing store down in the city."

"Well, aren't you afraid that you run a risk in wearing them, not knowing who the former owners were?"

"Oh, they were all washed before they were exposed for sale and are perfectly clean. Now, you girls just walk on ahead, while Terry and I run out into the woods and hang these old rags on the bushes, for if you are seen walking with a pair of tramps the news will fly all over town, and there's no telling what the gossips will say."

Evelyn and Mary started up the road again, while the two tramps darted into the bushes. Inside of five minutes Fred and Terry appeared in the road, each in a neat business suit, and started on after the girls.

They soon overtook them, and arm in arm they wended their way back to the outskirts of the town. There they took a little back street and soon reached the barn on the Olcott premises. There they passed through the gate of the barn-lot and soon entered the house by way of the rear piazza.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Evelyn, "I am really sorry that you didn't see brother and Fred as they came walking up the road disguised as a couple of tramps!"

"Why, what in the world did they do that for?" Mrs. Olcott inquired. "I'm feeling so well to-day that I wouldn't care if fifty visitors called."

"That's all right, Mother Olcott," laughed Fred; "it's we who object to their coming."

CHAPTER II.

FRED AND TERRY IN DISGUISE.

Mr. Olcott, when Evelyn told him the story of how Fred and Terry looked as they came along the highway, laughed and said he thought that it was a fine joke.

Terry told several stories of what happened on the train. He said that when they entered it down in the city the conductor showed them to seats in the smoking-car. They had bought parlor-car tickets, and demanded that they be given seats in such a car. It being early Sunday morning, there were quite a number of ladies and gentlemen who were going out into the country to spend the day with friends and relatives.

There wasn't an empty seat in the coach, but there were a number of ladies and gentlemen who were occupying a seat to themselves and the conductor refused to seat them alongside of them, so they were compelled to take seats in the smoker after all. It was rather disagreeable for them, because they were not smokers themselves. Terry occupied a seat in front of Fred, and in front of him sat a very rough-looking fellow with his working clothes on who was going out into the suburbs somewhere to spend the Sunday. In his pocket he carried an old pipe that he had been using for many months. It was as black as a piece of anthracite coal. Terry had a whiff of it before he had produced it, and when he drew it out and began loading it up he looked around at Fred, winked and said:

"Old man, we're in for it."

"In for what?" Fred asked.

"Why, a pipe a hundred years old."

"All right; we can throw the window open."

When his pipe was thoroughly loaded the workingman struck a match and lighted it. As soon as he had made a few puffs other smokers in the car turned around and looked for the offensive odor that was assailing their nostrils.

Terry gripped his nose with his thumb and index finger of the left hand and reached over and tapped the man on the shoulder and asked:

"Say, friend, what will you charge me to throw that pipe out of the window?"

The man coolly took the pipe from between his teeth, looked lovingly at it and asked:

"Do you want it?"

"Not on your life, sir. One whiff of that would kill a decent man."

"Maybe you don't think I'm a decent man," came back quickly from the smoker.

"I don't know anything about you, sir; but I know that pipe is more than we can stand. I'll just give you fifty cents if you'll throw that thing out of the window."

"Make it a dollar," said the man, "and out it goes."

Terry reached down into his pocket and brought out a bright new silver dollar.

As Terry offered it to him the fellow reached over and took it. He put it into his pocket and said:

"I'll throw it out, mister, after I have finished my smoke."

"Throw it out right now, and the stink with it," Terry demanded. But the big, rough workingman quietly continued to puff, puff, puff, filling the coach with an intolerable odor. Terry reached over, snatched it from his mouth and sent it flying out through the window.

The next instant the smoker sprang to his feet and aimed a furious blow at Terry's face with his fist, but Terry dodged it like a trained pugilist.

Four times in rapid succession the brawny fist shot out straight at Terry's face, but each time missed. Everybody in the coach sprang up from their seats to look on.

Terry made no effort to strike back, but, try hard as he might, the fellow couldn't hit him. Then he scrambled out of his seat and stood in the aisle at the end of Terry's seat. Of course, each blow was accompanied by more or less profanity.

All the passengers in the coach crowded along the aisle watching the big fellow trying to punch the tramp's head.

Terry didn't wish to have his disguise betrayed, so he continued to dodge every blow that was aimed at his head. Some of the passengers began to laugh at his dexterity in dodging the blows, and no one showed a disposition to interfere; so all of a sudden Terry's right arm shot out and landed a blow on the fellow's stomach which doubled him up like a jack-knife. It was one of Terry's scientific sledgehammer blows, and the workingman fell back on the edge of the seat on the opposite side of the aisle. It had made him dreadfully sick.

Terry coolly resumed his seat and looked across the aisle at him. A couple of trainhands came in, pulled the fellow up from between the seats and deposited him on it in a sitting position, saying to him that he had better behave himself or they would have to put him off the train.

A passenger came to Terry and wanted to know what the trouble was. Terry told him the story, saying that he had paid the fellow a dollar to throw his "stinker" out of the window, and that he had put the dollar into his pocket and continued smoking.

"I snatched the pipe from his mouth and threw it out of the window, and then he tried to punch my head, and, of course, I couldn't stand that."

"Say, you know something about boxing, don't you?" the passenger inquired.

"Well, I know a little about dodging blows. A tramp, you know, must learn to dodge brickbats and dogs."

The passenger laughed and returned to his seat, while Terry kept his eye on the big fellow, and noticed that he was really sick from the blow on his stomach. He actually turned pale. It so happened that at the next station was the workingman's point of destination. Terry was on his guard, expecting him to deliver a blow unawares as he got up to go out; but the fellow had evidently had enough. He actually staggered as he made his way to the door of the

car, and when he got off on the little station platform he didn't even look back at the cars.

"You kept your temper pretty well, old man," said Fred, leaning over and speaking to Terry.

"Yes, I had to. I didn't want to have my disguise exposed."

Then the two leaned back in their seats and gazed out through the windows at the passing scenery, with which they were so familiar.

Several passengers got on at the station, and two of them came into the smoker, drew their pipes and proceeded to fill them.

One of them had a pipe that had been doing a good deal of service, and Fred and Terry naturally expected to have another unpleasant time. But Fred made up his mind to have some fun with the owner of it, so he used his ventriloquial powers to fire protest at the man for using it from all over the car.

The protests came from one end of the car to the other, and the astonished smokers gazed all around in search of the men who were protesting.

He invited the whole crowd to leave the car, whereupon the protests came thick and fast, until finally he shook the tobacco out of his pipe and dropped it into his pocket, at the same time expressing some very uncomplimentary opinions of those who objected to a gentleman's having a quiet smoke.

As soon as he had put up his pipe the clear tones of an old-fashioned chanticleer were heard from one end of the car to the other.

"Hello, hello, hello!" came from nearly a dozen passengers. "Where's that rooster?"

The rooster crowed twice more, then he subsided.

The man who didn't smoke said that he could lick any man who traveled with a rooster on Sunday.

"You can't do anything of the kind," came a voice from the forward end of the car.

"I'll bet my rooster can lick you," the voice continued.

"I never fight on Sunday," retorted the smoker; "but I have got money that says that you stole that chicken and you are running away with him to escape being caught on Monday."

The bantering went on for several minutes, but the smoker had to get out at the next station, so that ended the quarrel. As the man stood on the platform and the train was moving forward the clear notes of the rooster were heard again.

Of course, the passengers roared with laughter, and then someone wanted to know where that rooster was and who had it.

A search was made. Of course, it wasn't found, and there was no one in the coach who suspected ventriloquism.

Fred and Terry remained quiet after the experience with the chicken, and in time reached the little way station just east of Fredonia. There they got out and looked around until the train passed on toward the town. They saw nobody about except the railroad people. Then they started

off up the road. They saw the girls coming about the same time that the girls had discovered them.

"Terry," said Fred, "I'll bet a ham that Evelyn will penetrate our disguise."

"I'll go you," said Terry, and he began his little imitation of lameness.

Of course, as the reader knows, he lost.

When they reached the house the children were instructed not to tell anybody that brother Terry and Fred were in the house.

Of course, as usual, Fred had his pockets full of candies and other sweetmeats for them, and Evelyn and her mother had to look after the distribution of them, lest some of the little ones should make themselves sick.

Each of the boys had brought a pound package of fancy candies for the girls.

They spent the day there in the parlor laughing and chatting and telling amusing stories until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then Mrs. Hamilton came over to sit awhile with Mrs. Olcott. She walked into the parlor and found Terry sitting alongside of Mary with his arm around her waist. She actually caught her breath, and Evelyn and Mary laughed heartily.

Terry sprang up and, catching her in his arms, he kissed her, and Fred was equally as demonstrative.

Then the two girls had to tell all about how the boys had slipped into Fredonia without their identity being suspected.

She thought it was extremely amusing, and suggested that they go back home with her and take tea there. But Evelyn protested that the neighbors would see them and that the news would fly all over that part of town, which would surely bring in a house full of visitors before dark.

Terry promised that, on the next Sunday, he would pay her a visit and spend the day with her, provided she would keep Mary in the house.

Mary demurely promised to stay in the house all day if he came up.

The next morning they waited at the Olcott home for breakfast, and then the carriage took them over to the station.

Mary and Evelyn were with them, and when they alighted at the station all the visitors there seemed to be surprised at seeing them.

"Why, hello, boys," a number of old friends exclaimed, "when did you get here?"

"Early yesterday morning," was the reply.

"And spent the whole Sunday here?"

"Ye, but we didn't go out anywhere."

Just a few minutes later the train came along and they boarded it.

Of course, the girls didn't let it be known that the boys had come up in disguise and had left the train two miles below the town.

The whole town seemed to be surprised when the announcement was made in the papers that Messrs. Fearnot and Olcott had spent Sunday in Fredonia.

Several parties sent word over to Evelyn to let them know when they were coming up again.

She promised to do so, provided that she had the information in time to impart it to them.

Once more back in the city, Fred and Terry started the work of another week at the National Club Grounds. In consultation with the governors of the club Fred suggested that it was absolutely necessary for them to do something to keep up the interest in athletics, and suggested that the club invite all athletes, of whatever line, to a great indoor meet to last a day and a night, and that prizes be offered for those who showed the greatest merit.

The governors discussed it for some time, and finally decided that the prizes were to consist of medals rather than cash, as the owners of the medals would have something to show as evidence that they were entitled to claim the indorsement of the club.

Such was the reputation of the club now that its indorsement was something of value to the professional athlete.

The first prize medals were to be made of gold; the second of silver, and they were all to be made in first-class style, after designs which Fred was authorized to get up. The exhibition was to be free to the public during the entire day and evening of the meet.

"Terry, that is going to be our hardest day's work yet," said Fred.

"Yes; but you know how it is, in order to win, one has to work. But, I'll tell you, I'm tired of this sort of thing. We have reputations already that will draw people to us wherever we go. As it is now, we are working more for other people than for ourselves."

"That's all right, old man. We are gaining friends every day, though; and, what is more, we hold them when we get them. We'll do our best to make it the greatest day in the history of the club. There is only one thing I see that may give us trouble on that day. The place is to be open to the public free of charge, and the rough element will come by the thousands. It will take at least fifty extra policemen to look after them."

"Oh, well, we can handle those fellows. We'll get the policemen and instruct them to be extremely vigorous in enforcing order."

Fred went to work to make up a great programme. He spent some three or four days at it.

Then the announcement was made in the papers that on Wednesday of the next week there would be a great indoor meet of athletes in every department of athletics, to begin at nine o'clock in the morning and continue until midnight. No admission fee was to be charged, and the public was cordially invited.

This announcement excited great interest among all the athletes, and they at once began flooding the management with applications for the privilege of taking part in the exercises.

Some of the papers published quite a number of interviews with well-known athletes, who discussed the question of how good order was to be maintained, while the general

public was admitted free of charge. It was claimed that thousands of unruly toughs would come in and make trouble and no little disorder.

Fred then made a statement over his own signature that an ample force of policemen would be on hand to enforce order, and that order would be maintained most rigorously. He said that ladies need not hesitate to come out, for there would be no danger and the exercises would be extremely interesting. He warned the toughs that good behavior would be expected of them, under penalty of being fired out. He also stated that no individual under the influence of liquor would be admitted under any circumstances.

He also stated that, while admission would be free, the boxes in the grandstand would be charged for, and that certain parts of the grandstand on either side of the arena would be reserved exclusively for ladies. The entire time from nine A. M. until six P. M. would be one continuous performance in some sort of athletics. Sprinting, boxing, wrestling, feats of strength, acrobatic performances and every other known test of strength, agility and endurance were to be displayed.

Meanwhile, the regular classes of athletics would continue at the club grounds as usual.

Athletic clubs in other cities gave notice of their intention to come to the city and participate in the great indoor meet, and they all wanted to know if they would be permitted to put some of their best members in competition with the others.

The secretary of the club answered all of them, saying that the management of the National Athletic Club would try to afford every applicant a fair show.

There were now several hundred students attending the regular classes in the great gymnasium, nearly every one of whom expected at some time to become a professional. Some of them had come from a distance, and their expenses were being paid by friends who were investing in them as possible champions in certain lines, particularly in pugilism.

It was amazing how many young men wanted to study sparring for the purpose of becoming professionals.

Fred, though, in his talks with them when they applied for admission as pupils, threw a damper on many of them. He said that he didn't wish to take any pupils who wanted to train to be prize fighters, as that was a species of brutality to which he couldn't give his sanction.

Nearly every one of them wanted to be instructed personally by Fred, but they were compelled to take lessons from the parties employed by the club for that purpose.

CHAPTER III.

THE JUVENILE ATHLETES.

The promise of a medal of merit in any and every branch of athletic exercises has a most remarkable effect on the average sporting man, so the number of applications for a

show at the great indoor meet amounted to over one thousand. Of course, it was impossible for all of them to have a show; so it was decided that the only way to thin them out was to set them to contending for the privilege of entering the great free for all contest.

A day was set for the sprinters, and all day long the runners were striving for superiority, as only the best could gain the privilege; otherwise there would have been several hundred sprinters struggling in the great arena at one time, and there was not room for them. They would have simply been a mob of runners, who could not line up to run. The same rule applied to each kind of trial.

Of course, the regular employes and pupils of the club who had paid their tuition were to participate anyhow.

Old Billy Bowlegs was to lead them, but anybody else who could outrun him was welcome to act as leader. Among the hundreds who appeared in their racing garb, however, no one could get ahead of him.

They were to run in bunches of twenty, and the fastest man of each bunch was registered as a contestant. Those, of course, who didn't get their names on the registry had their fun and their tuition for the day free of charge.

A small admission fee was charged the public to see the rehearsals, and a great deal of amusement resulted.

Thousands of visitors came in and occupied the grandstand, looking on and cheering the contestants. Many came from surrounding towns and villages, and some from the farms in the country.

During the contest Fred and Terry detected splendid sprinting qualities in plain country boys that authorized them to give them considerable encouragement.

One long, lank boy from New Jersey showed such speed that Terry took him inside of the clubhouse and questioned him.

He was a youth of about nineteen years of age. He said that he was living out on a farm and working for monthly wages, and that his employer had given him a holiday. He had come in to make a trial for the privilege of getting a chance of being selected as one of the contestants.

Terry asked him what his financial condition was. He said that he had very little money, and his mother was a widow with several small children, and that he was compelled to contribute to her and their support. He was evidently apprehensive that Terry would require a fee of him, but Terry informed him that he had no such intentions. He said he thought that, with a little training, he might develop a speed that would enable him to make more money than he could working on a farm.

His education was only such as can be had in a country village school, but the boy was ambitious and evidently very industrious.

Terry put him in a second bunch of sprinters in order to give him a second trial, and he watched him very closely.

There were only three men in the bunch who outran him, and they had already appeared a number of times in the arena on different occasions.

Terry requested Fred to take notice of the boy, and he

agreed with Terry that, with a little training, he could perform wonders as a runner. He was of a splendid build, straight as an arrow, and his speed was perfectly natural with him.

Terry asked him if he couldn't put in a substitute on the farm and get off for a month, so that he could put in that length of time training. He shook his head and said that he didn't know.

"Gosh!" said he, "how could I stay here in the city for a month, mister? I haven't got any money laid up to pay expenses."

"Never mind about that, my boy. We'll take care of you here."

"But mother couldn't do without the money, sir," the boy put in.

"We can give you work here at wages that will give your mother more than you can earn for her on the farm, and we won't charge you anything for training you. Now, you go back home and find a substitute, and, after a month's training, you can make more money in sprinting matches in one month than you can in six months of work on the farm."

The boy, whose name was Randy Ransome, was overjoyed. Terry gave him a note to his mother advising her to let the boy put in a substitute on the farm and come to the city, where they would give him work at about double what his employer was paying him. He wrote that he believed that, with some good training, he would be in a position to make more money than he was getting for farm work.

The truth is, the boy had only fifteen cents in his pocket. That would pay his way across the ferry and he could foot it from the ferry to his home. In reality, he had only twenty-five cents when he left home. He gave his mother Terry's letter, and such was Fearnot's and Olcott's reputation throughout all the country within hundreds of miles of the metropolis that she felt really proud of it. She told him to show it to the farmer for whom he was working and hunt around for a substitute to take his place. The farmer when he read the letter fairly snorted and laughed at the idea of Randy Ransome's becoming a sport.

It was at the season of the year when his work was needed on the farm, but the farmer saw that Randy was determined to go to the city, so he decided to take an able-bodied substitute at the same wages he was paying Randy.

Randy finally succeeded in finding a substitute, and two days later he appeared at the clubhouse with his best suit of clothes on and his eyes fairly sparkling with joy, and reported to Terry.

"That's all right, Randy," said Terry, and he called up one of his assistants and told him to take charge of the young man and place him among the contestants and see that he had a chance to join in any sprinting contests that might occur in the arena. He directed that he was to take his meals with the other employes of the club and to sleep in the barracks where the other employes did.

Almost every hour in the day there were some sort of

athletic trials going on between contestants who were eager to get their names on the registry.

Young Ransome looked on while employed in helping the other employes to keep order, and therefore he was always in view. For the first time in his life he saw wrestling between trained athletes. Then sparring matches, then tests of strength, tugs of war, fencing matches, to say nothing of the regular gymnastic exercises in the great gymnasium.

Terry provided him with a regular sprinter's garb, and when he put it on for the first time he felt like a little boy does when he puts on a pair of red-top boots for the first time in his life.

When Randy saw old Billy Bowlegs at the head of the sprinters he laughed, and said that the old man didn't run at all; he simply rolled like a hoop.

"And gosh!" he gasped, "how he can roll. How in the thunder does he bend his legs so?"

At the end of the week the preliminary exercises for the great indoor meet had filled up the registry to the last man. Free tickets were given to all those who had tried but failed to get their names on the register, and part of the great circle of seats was set aside for them.

Several days before the great indoor meet Fred had had the programmes printed and ready for use. Certain lines of exercises were to come off at certain hours, and a promise was made that precisely to the minute the programme would be observed, and that there would be no delay, so that patrons who wished to see certain exercises could depend upon it that they would not be delayed.

Two splendid brass bands were to be on hand all day and in the evening, and two others would be kept in reserve in order to afford relief to the musicians.

Room, chairs and tables had been arranged for the use of representatives of the press, for Fred and Terry were very particular about recognizing the press on account of the value of their reports of the exercises.

Neither Fred nor Terry was to take part in any of the exercises outside of the gymnasium. Of course, they were acting as superintendents of the entire meet.

The great fencing contest had taken place in the presence of the vast crowd, and at the coming great indoor meet the fencing exercises were to take place in the same gymnasium, where there was a gallery extending all around the great hall for the use of the spectators.

The gymnastic exercises were quite different from those that took place before.

Both Fred and Terry were to participate in the exercises indoors, so they had seats reserved for Evelyn and Mary, and the Hamilton, Olcott and Fearnot families.

The great hall was to be brilliantly illuminated.

In anticipation of accidents, several surgeons and physicians were retained during the day and the evening. They were to relieve each other at certain hours and to be on hand whether their services were needed or not.

There were hundreds of little boys loitering around the entrances on either side of the club grounds eager to see

famous sporting men, and every one of them was wishing to be able to do the things that were being done inside.

One day Terry was seen going in, and before he could reach the gate nearly half a hundred little lads had called out to him:

"Oh, Mr. Olcott, let me in, please."

Terry stopped and looked at them, and their shrill voices sung out:

"Just look here, Mr. Olcott. See what I can do," and some of them turned on their hands and walked with their feet in the air; some of them turned handsprings, others turned somersaults, still others turned and stood on their heads, and all kinds of ludicrous positions were assumed by them. Every one of them had caught the athletic fever. Terry looked on until his sides ached. He ran in and found Fred and told him that this was the most comical thing he had seen since his connection with the club.

Said he:

"There wasn't a clean face in the crowd, but every face showed pluck and energy and ambition. I tell you, there's many a future sporting hero among those lads. You just go outside there and walk around the enclosure, and if some of them should recognize you you'll be treated to a show that will give you something to laugh at for a week to come."

Fred went out. There were hundreds of little boys loafing around, some of them with their blacking boxes and brushes, others with newspapers to sell, and still others eager to run errands by which they could pick up a few nickels or dimes. He hadn't gone ten paces from the other gate when a shrill voice sung out:

"Hi, fellows! here's Fred Farnot, who licked old Yale out of her boots!"

The shrill voice of the lad drew a crowd of about two hundred little fellows about Fred. They almost ran over him, so eager were they to get up within speaking distance of him, and so noisy were they that nothing that he could say could be heard.

One little dirty-faced, barefooted lad sprang up on the shoulders of another where the crowd was thickest and deliberately walked on them until he got up to Fred, and then holding out his dirty little hand, he said:

"Hello, Cholly, shake!"

Fred gave the little dirty hand a hearty shake.

Fred had backed up against the wall to keep from being run over by that multitude of juvenile humanity. The little fellow with whom he had shaken hands turned and ran along some five or six paces on the heads and shoulders and backs of the other boys, until he could leap down to the ground. Then they all began screaming to Fred:

"Give us a show, Mr. Farnot."

"Let me in."

"Just look at this."

"How's this?" and the acrobatic exercises that had tickled Terry so much began again. Little fellows began boxing and pummeling each other without any regard whatever for scientific rules. Then they turned hand-

springs and somersaults, stood on their heads, and did many other things that convulsed him with laughter.

All the while they were raising such a din that it was impossible for any one voice to be heard.

He tried to make his way through them and return inside, but he found it utterly impossible to do so without hurting some of his enthusiastic little friends, and that was something that he would not do under any circumstances.

Finally, about fifty feet away, he saw a policeman in uniform with his club in his hand. He made a funnel of his two hands and called out to him:

"Get another officer and help me get out of this crowd."

The officer, instead of looking for another, began forcing his way through the crowd of little fellows, punching them on their heads, pushing them roughly and yelling at them.

"Stop that," said Fred. "Don't touch a boy on the head with your club," but the officer either didn't hear Fred or paid no attention to him if he did.

Scores of the little boys didn't see the officer until they felt the weight of his locust on their shoulders or their heads.

Those who were hurt, of course, backed out of the crowd, some of them crying and others thinking what they would do if they were as big as he was.

Fred became angry. Several times he yelled at the officer, but his voice couldn't be heard by him.

Inside the grounds Terry heard what was going on, and he rushed out to see the fun.

When Fred saw him he made a megaphone of his two hands and called to him to stop that officer.

Being on the outskirts of the crowd, Terry ran around and got behind the officer, and, seizing his club, he wrenched it from his hands.

The officer looked back to see who it was that had seized his club.

"You brute," said Terry, "punching those little fellows with your club. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The policeman became angry and tried to recover his club. Of course, it was fastened to his wrist by the usual leather fastening, but he couldn't get his usual grip on it.

He tried to reach around for his revolver, but Terry, holding to the club, prevented his right hand from finding the firearm.

"Smash him in the face, Mr. Olcott!" screamed half a hundred boys. "Punch him in the head! Smash his nose!" and similar expressions flew thick and fast.

While all this was going on Fred was making his way toward the officer. The boys seemed to understand what his object was and they gave away to him.

When he reached the officer he found himself completely surrounded by fully two hundred boys from ten years old up to eighteen or more.

"What's the matter with you, officer?" Fred demanded.

"Why, this fellow is interfering with me in the discharge of my duty."

"Don't you know that man?" Fred inquired.

"No, and I don't want to know. I'll arrest him and run him in."

"Why, that's my partner, Mr. Olcott, and you are practically in his employ for the day, as well as in mine."

But the officer was mad, and he swore that he would run him in for interfering with him.

"Terry," said Fred, "let go of him and we'll 'phone down to headquarters and have him recalled and prefer charges against him."

Terry released his grip on the officer's club, and as soon as the latter found himself free from his grasp he seized his club and aimed a terrific blow at Terry's head with it. But Fred reached up and caught him by the wrist, while Terry deftly tripped him and he fell to the ground, where fully a score of boys swarmed all over him.

CHAPTER IV.

FRED'S ACCIDENT IN THE GYMNASIUM.

Fred had to laugh in spite of himself when he saw how the little fellows piled on the prostrate officer. He was a big, stout fellow, and he fought with all his might to throw them off, but they were all over him. When he would throw one off half a dozen more would take his place. They jumped on him with their feet; they pulled his hair, smashed his hat into bits and actually tore his coat off him.

There were some boys as old as sixteen or seventeen years of age in the crowd of assailants.

"By George, Terry," said Fred, "we must help him out of this or they will do him great damage," and they both began pulling the boys off, Fred yelling at the top of his voice:

"Stand off! Stand off!"

He seized several of the boys and threw them violently away from the officer.

The officer had hurt several of them with his club, but it was not until Terry sung out, "Look out, boys, here comes more cops! Get out! Get out, quick!" that the boys scattered. Then both Fred and Terry raised the policeman to his feet. His hat was utterly ruined, and so was his coat.

Some of the more mischievous boys had cut off a few of his brass buttons and had them in their pockets as trophies. His face was a mass of bruises where the boys' shoe-heels had trampled on him.

He turned upon Terry and began abusing him. He seized him by the collar of his coat and said that he would run him in.

Terry looked him in the eye and said:

"You take your hand off me or I'll give you the worst thrashing of your life. I am an officer here as well as you are, and am commissioned by the proper authorities. Now, you go down to headquarters and make your report. We don't want you here any longer."

The policeman went down to his captain. His ruined

coat, bruised face and utterly destroyed hat made about the worst sight that any officer had put up in that station. Of course, he laid all the blame on Fearnot and Olcott.

The captain of the precinct 'phoned up to the clubhouse to Fred and told the story that the officer had just given him, and wanted to know how much of it was true.

"None of it," replied Fred. "I shall make charges against him before the police commissioners on account of brutality to little boys. The boys would probably have killed him had not Terry and I interfered to save him. He is unfit to wear the uniform."

The captain suggested to Fred that he appear to answer the officer's charges before the police court the next morning as though they had been arrested and locked up.

"All right," said Fred, and he and Terry appeared in court the next morning and told their story.

The policeman had a number of his friends in uniform in the courtroom to give him a good character, but Fred boldly denounced him as a brute in human shape, and made charges against him of brutality in clubbing nearly a score of little boys.

That very day Fred made a written report to the chairman of the board of police commissioners, making charges against the officer of inhuman brutality.

It was a very busy time for Fred and Terry, but a month would elapse before the police board could call up the case.

Fred notified the chief of police that that officer's services would not be required further at the club grounds.

Meanwhile, the time was rolling around when the great meet was to take place.

Nine o'clock was a very early hour for any place of amusement to open in the city, but as it was to be an all-day affair, with hundreds of performers, the place began filling up as soon as the doors were opened. They were opened at eight-thirty. Hundreds and hundreds of rough-looking chaps had come with their lunches in their pockets prepared to take a day off and have all the fun that was coming to them.

Everyone was given a printed programme as he entered the grounds, and on each programme was printed the following:

"Everybody is hereby notified that the management of the National Athletic Club is prepared to maintain order at all hazards, and that those who disregard this warning will make a grievous mistake."

The crowd poured in in a ceaseless stream. At first they made a rush for the reserved seats, but guards were there to demand their tickets. Hundreds of them protested that it had been advertised that it was to be a free show.

"Yes, so it is; but if you get seats in this grandstand you will have to pay for it," was the reply that every man received.

Quite a number of them became very ugly over the misunderstanding, and they made a rush, and, overpowering the guard, took possession of several hundred seats.

Fred immediately called upon all the guards in the place to clear the seats at once, and then a free for all fight

ensued. Of course, the policemen in the place accompanied the guard and used their clubs very freely. Upwards of a hundred toughs were sent down to the nearest police station.

Notwithstanding the many assurances that Fred had given the public that perfect order would be maintained during the day, the news soon went all over the city that there was fighting at the club grounds. Fred wired down to several papers explaining the matter, and early afternoon papers printed his card and explanation.

Thousands of ladies who had expected to see the great indoor meet were afraid to attend until they read the afternoon papers containing Fred's explanation of the trouble.

Then their carriages began arriving, and in a little while the boxes were pretty well filled with well-dressed ladies. Working-girls had left the factories, gone home and put on their Sunday apparel, taking a half holiday to see the grand exhibition of athletic exercises. By the middle of the afternoon the great circle was filled with them.

The first thing on the programme was footracing, and there were fully three hundred men in racing garb waiting for their time to run. They ran in bunches of twenty, and the winning man of each twenty would have a chance to get one of the medals. Old Billy Bowlegs' queer running kept the great crowd in a hilarious humor all day. He seemed to be utterly tireless, for he led the race in every bunch of sprinters, yet in each bunch there were some really fine runners. Randy Ransome, the Jersey boy, made a fine record, and Fred and Terry, together with a number of committeemen who had been selected to view their exploits and vote upon each one's merit, thought that he was destined to make his mark as a runner.

After the sprinting came the wrestling matches, and there were as many as a half dozen matches going on at the same time. The spectator had to take his choice as to which couple to watch. It was on the style of one of Barnum's great circus shows which used three rings at one time, and all along down the line some thirty feet apart were matches between splendid athletes wrestling, so that everybody got a full view whether he was at one end or at the other. A committee was watching each contest, and as each match ended they wrote down in their little memorandum-books their reports of the match. As fast as one couple retired another came on, and the contests went on until nearly a hundred men had wrestled.

Prompt to the very minute each contest was announced by Fred, as it was stated on the programme it would be.

When the sparring contest was announced thousands of voices called out for Fred and Terry to enter the lists, but they shook their heads, saying that they were there to teach others, and not to amuse the crowd.

All through the day, though, the policemen were kept busy taking out individuals whose enthusiasm had been intensified by drink.

There was no intermission whatever for meals or anything else.

The sparring contest made a magnificent exhibition in

themselves, and there was some splendid work done. The friends of each sparrer made the welkin ring with their shouts of approval.

Finally Fred entered the gymnasium to take part in the exercises going on in there. All over the great hall were apparatus for the use of the gymnasts. There were great steel rings hanging from the ceiling strongly secured by ropes, and the swinging by hand was simply blood-curdling. There were men whose strong grip made it safe for them to swing away up fifty feet above the floor. Others dared not go half that high. Some of them would let go one pair of rings and catch another pair that was swinging toward them, as is frequently seen in great circuses.

When Evelyn and Mary, with the friends who were occupying the box with them, saw Fred go into the gymnasium, they quietly arose, left the boxes and made their way to the gallery in the great hall. There they took possession of a square which had been made by stretching ropes, and sat down to view the exercises. There they saw the gymnasts flying through the air holding to the rings all over the great hall, which was nearly an acre in extent.

Here and there could be heard exclamations of fear from ladies in the gallery. Out in the great arena could be heard the wild cheering of the vast crowd as the athletes went on with their exercises, but this great indoor meet in the gymnasium was confined to gymnasts of long experience. It was a sight worth seeing. The leaping and swinging was simply grand.

The great gymnasium was for teaching how to build up the muscles. While some were vaulting over high poles others were pulling in a tug of war, others were swinging by the rings and going through all sorts of twistings calculated to test the muscle of the performers to the utmost.

Among the high swingers were Fred and Terry, and as Evelyn and her friends watched them they actually trembled with nervousness.

Evelyn said that she had never had her nerves so severely strained by anything that she had seen them do in other parts of the great club grounds. Several times Mary buried her face in her hands and wouldn't look as she saw Terry swinging away up to the high ceiling, fully fifty feet from the floor. To save her life she couldn't help thinking what would happen should his grasp fail or a rope break.

She finally asked a young lady friend to go back to the arena with her, as it was too much for her nerves there in the gymnasium.

Evelyn, though, made up her mind to stay and watch Fred.

After performing some wonderful feats calling for the exercise of great skill and strength, Fred slid down one of the ropes and landed on his feet on the floor. There he walked around for quite awhile talking with other athletes and commending work done by others with much enthusiasm.

By and by he called one of the attendants to bring a long ladder and hold it for him to climb up to where a pair of rings were hanging suspended from the ceiling.

There were several things that he wished to do up there for the reputation of the gymnasium. It was about the most dangerous feat that takes place in a gymnasium building.

The ladder was brought, and two attendants held it up while he ran up its full length as nimble as a squirrel. But the attendants had made a mistake and picked up the wrong ladder. It was a very slender one and jointed in the center. They thought that it was strong enough for his weight, but before Fred reached the top of it it began to sway. He stopped, looked down at the attendants and sung out:

"Be careful down there, boys," but the next moment the ladder snapped in the middle and down Fred went with a tremendous crash.

Before he reached the floor Evelyn's screams filled the hall, and a score or more ladies screamed with her.

The crash and the screams were heard out in the arena where the other exercises were going on, and hundreds of people, suspecting that an accident had happened, thronged into the gymnasium, while all the gymnasts instantly stopped their performances and flocked to the spot where Fred lay, still and pale, on the floor.

The attendants had picked up the ladder and run out with it.

One of the surgeons who had been retained for the service of the gymnasium rushed to Fred's side, knelt by him and raised him to a sitting position; but he was unconscious, and, of course, couldn't sit up.

The doctor leaned him back and rested his head on his knee. The excitement among the performers was so great that no order given could be understood.

The surgeon kept calling out:

"Get back! Get back! Give him air! Give him room!" and many of the performers proceeded to do their best to push back the crowd.

For a time it looked like a pushing match.

Men and women were leaning over the gallery looking down on the scene with pallid faces and beating hearts.

As the crowd was being pushed back, Evelyn dashed between the club men to Fred's side, where he lay unconscious on the floor, and cried out:

"Fred, Fred, are you hurt? Speak to me. Tell me that you are not hurt."

She dropped on her knees, looked into Fred's face and placed her hand over his heart, but in her excitement she couldn't tell whether his heart was beating or not.

"Doctor," she asked, "is he dead? If he is I'll die right here, too."

"No, Miss Olcott, he is not dead; only the fall has rendered him unconscious. As long as no vital part is hurt and no limb is broken he is all right."

"Doctor, is any limb broken?"

The doctor laid Fred's head in her lap and said:

"I haven't examined yet to see," and with that he proceeded to make a thorough examination to see if any bones were broken.

Evelyn quietly held his head, and several times leaned over and kissed him gently on the lips.

"No," said the doctor, "no limb is broken. Time will show whether he is injured internally or not."

"Then, doctor, have him carried to a room," and she spoke to him like one with authority.

The doctor turned to one of the athletes and said:

"Boys, lend a hand here," and half a score of men hastily placed themselves at his disposal. They took Fred up and bore him into a side room where there was a big leather couch. Evelyn had been in all the rooms of the gymnasium building and knew that up one flight of stairs were several well-furnished bedrooms for the management of the club.

"Take him upstairs, take him upstairs," said she, and before the doctor could say anything to the contrary the men raised Fred in their arms and began climbing the steps with him.

Evelyn started to follow, but suddenly found herself raised in a pair of strong arms, carried up as though she were but a little child. She was borne along the corridor and stood on her feet at the door of the room to which Fred had been carried.

There, turning around, she saw that her athletic escort was an entire stranger.

"Oh, thank you," said she.

"Miss Olcott," said he, "be brave and don't faint. Fred is unconscious, but he will come through all right."

"Thank you, sir; but I am not one of the fainting kind."

She pushed aside a couple of men and made her way to the bedside on which Fred had been deposited. There she leaned over and looked into his face. He was still unconscious. She felt his pulse with all the coolness of a physician.

"Doctor," said she, "restore him to consciousness as quickly as possible."

"Miss Olcott," said the doctor, "you must leave the room."

"I will, doctor, if you will promise to send for me as soon as I am needed."

"Certainly, Miss Olcott. I give you that promise on my word of honor," and with that she turned to leave the room.

The same athletic individual who had brought her up the stairs in his arms offered his hand to her to lead her down the stairs, saying:

"Miss Olcott, let me see you to a seat and render whatever service you may need."

"Thank you, sir, with pleasure," and he led her down the stairs and across the floor of the great gymnasium to the stairway that led to the gallery. There she dropped down into her seat and gasped out to her escort:

"Water, water. Give me a drink of water."

CHAPTER V.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE ACCIDENT.

On hearing her demand for water, the gentleman who had escorted Evelyn back to her seat in the gallery, know-

ing that there was no water up there, ran to the gallery front, and, to the profound amazement of those seated there, he deliberately leaped over the railing and caught onto one of the ropes swinging to the roof to which was tied a big brass ring. He slid down to within a safe leaping distance of the floor and dropped down. Then he dashed across the hall to a room in which there was ice water. There he seized a glass, filled it full of water and darted out again. He ran across the wide hall and ascended the stairway that led up to the gallery.

When he reached Evelyn he found several ladies fanning her and trying to keep her from fainting.

As she told him before, she was not one of the fainting kind, but she really seemed to be on the verge of collapsing.

"Ladies," said he, "please give her a drink of this water," and he pushed his hand forward over the shoulder of a well-known lady as he spoke. The lady quickly took the glass and held it to Evelyn's lips. She drank nearly half of its contents, and, of course, it greatly revived her.

She drew a long sigh of relief and said:

"Oh, thank you."

The athlete then left the gallery by the rope route, for ladies were coming up and down the little narrow stairway that led to the little gallery, and he didn't wish to discommode any of them.

He then made his way across the great hall and ascended the stairs that led up to the room where Fred had been taken by the attendants.

One of the gymnasts at the door laid his hand on his chest and said:

"You can't come in; it's against the doctor's orders."

"That's all right," said he; "but I am sent by Miss Olcott to ask news of his condition."

The man said:

"He seems to be coming out all right."

"Look here," said the gentleman, "I don't want your opinion at all. I want to hear from the doctor."

The man at the door said nothing further, and the gentleman firmly pushed him aside and entered the room.

"Doctor," said he, "Miss Olcott wants to hear from Mr. Fearnot. Will you kindly tell me what I shall say to her?"

"Yes," replied the physician. "Tell her that no limb is broken, and that he is coming out of his shock in good shape."

"Thank you," said the young man, and, turning, he quickly left the room and returned to the gallery, only to find a still greater number of ladies surrounding Evelyn.

They were fanning her and expressing a great deal of sympathy for her.

"Ladies," said he, "the doctor has just informed me that Mr. Fearnot has suffered only from the shock; that no limbs were broken, and that he is coming through in fine shape."

Upon hearing the voice, Evelyn suddenly braced up, pushed a couple of ladies aside, and, looking the man straight in the face, asked:

"Did you see Fred?"

"No, miss; but I went to the room and saw the doctor in person. I took the liberty of saying that you had sent me for information, and that was the answer he gave."

"Oh, thank you; thank you ever so much," and she reached out and laid her hand in his. "Now, can I ask you to go to the grandstand and tell Miss Hamilton just what you have told me? I am quite sure she is in much mental distress."

"Certainly, certainly!" and with that he made his way through the crowd of ladies to get to the passage that led to the private box to which Mary had retired.

When he reached there he found the box filled with excited ladies, some of them wringing their hands and crying bitterly. He pushed his way in rather rudely, for he couldn't get in any other way to ascertain what the trouble was. He found Terry holding Miss Hamilton in his arms and calling her name in very earnest, tremulous tones.

Just then one of the ladies, wringing her hands and with tears trickling down her face, turned to him and asked:

"Oh, sir, is it true? Is it true that Fred Fearnot is dead?"

"No, miss, it is not true. I have just come from his bedside. There are no limbs broken, and the doctor tells me that he is coming through all right."

"Oh, my! Terry, Terry!" the lady called. "Here is a gentleman that has just come from Fred, and he says that it is not true that Fred is dead. He says that the doctor tells him that Fred is coming through the shock of the fall in good shape."

"Thank God for that," blurted out Terry, giving Mary a vigorous shaking to try to bring her out of her swoon. "I didn't believe it. Fred is not born to get out of the world that way; but it was an awful crash." Then he fell to kissing Mary's face and calling her name.

Just then somebody brought him a glass of ice water and he held it to her lips. But she was as unconscious as any dead person, so he dashed the glass of water straight into her face. It had the effect of giving Mary a shock which caused her to gasp and then groan.

"Bring me another glass of water, please, somebody," said he, and he held the glass out for someone to take it.

Mary's face looked like that of a dead person, but Terry kept on shaking her vigorously, saying:

"Mary, Mary, it is not true. Fred isn't dead by any means, nor is a single limb broken."

Finally, when Mary had gasped several times Terry managed to make her understand him.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and, looking into his face, she asked:

"Terry, is he really alive?"

"Yes, dear. He was rendered unconscious by the shock of the fall, but the doctor says that not a limb was broken, so brace up, dear, brace up."

She braced up, and, looking around, she asked:

"Where's Evelyn?"

"I don't know, dear. Friends will look after her, so don't you worry."

Somebody had come into the box and reported that Fred was dead, and with that Mary had swooned dead away. The news spread all over the great arena that he had been killed by the fall and a dead silence fell upon the great crowd.

Women everywhere were weeping, and many of them were trying to get out. A couple of ladies took Mary from Terry's arms, and then he rose to his feet and called out at the top of his voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is not true that Fred Fearnot has been killed. There is not even a limb broken. The doctor says that he is coming through all right."

This had a marvelous effect on the crowd, and thousands of voices were heard, saying:

"Thank heaven."

Terry then turned to the ladies who were administering to Mary and said:

"Excuse me, ladies, but I must go and see Fred."

"Go ahead and let us know how he is," said one of the ladies. Then he proceeded at once to make his way to the gymnasium, entered the lower room and started up the stairway that led to where Fred had been taken.

Terry dashed into the room and found Fred lying on the bed, while the doctor was administering some sort of restoratives to him.

Fred saw him and said:

"Hello, old man! I'm not dead yet by a long shot."

"No, that's very plain, for I have yet to hear a dead man talk. Have you any broken limbs?"

"Thunder, no! but I had all the breath knocked out of me. Terry," he continued, "go to Evelyn and tell her that I am all right. The brave girl came in with me, but the doctor drove her out. Go and tell her to drive home at once and that I will follow just as soon as I can get away from the doctor here."

"All right," and Terry turned and hurried out of the room.

Everybody gave way for him when he was seen ascending the stairway that led up into the gallery. One of the ladies in the gallery saw him coming hurriedly across the floor of the gymnasium, and, turning to Evelyn, said:

"Miss Olcott, here comes Terry."

Just then Terry appeared at the head of the stairway, and as soon as he reached her side one of the ladies sprang up and let him take her seat.

As he sat down by her Evelyn threw her arms around his neck and came very near swooning there in his arms.

"Brace up, sister," said he. "I have just seen Fred and spoken to him. He told me to come and take you and Mary home at once, and that he will follow just as soon as he can get away from the doctor."

"Terry, I won't go until I see him again. You go and look after Mary, and I will come home in the same carriage with Fred; but tell me, is any limb broken?"

"No, not a bit of it. When he saw me he said: 'Hello, old man! I'm not a dead man by a long shot.'"

At that Evelyn's face brightened up a bit, and she asked

for another glass of water. Somebody brought it to her quickly.

Terry then made his way to Fred's room on the other side of the gymnasium and found Fred insisting on putting on his suit of clothes over his gymnastic uniform. The doctor was protesting and trying to keep him there on the bed.

"Let him alone, Doc," said Terry. "As long as there is no limb broken he'll come through all right. Just let me get him on my shoulders and I can take him down to the carriage. Evelyn and Mary are ready to go home with him."

"My dear sir," protested the doctor; "it was an awful shock, and he must have plenty of room in the carriage."

"That's all right, Doc. Just make these fellows get out of my way," and he began raising Fred up on his shoulders.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" said Fred. "I'm no baby. Just give me your arm and I'll walk down with you all right. It was a pretty hard strain, but I'm still worth a good many fellows who never had a fall in their lives." So Terry placed him on his feet and then put his right arm around his waist and other willing hands were extended to help him.

Instead of leading him across the floor of the gymnasium, Terry went straight to a side door that opened out on the street. The door was thrown open, and there stood a carriage which some friend had ordered. The Fearnot carriage couldn't be found in the excitement.

Terry lifted Fred into it, and then Terry turned to go after Evelyn, when suddenly he found himself face to face with her.

The physician extended his hand to her to assist her into the carriage, and the next moment she was sitting alongside of Fred as cool as though she were a perfect stranger.

"Fred," said she, "are you all right?"

"Yes, dear; but of course it was a bad shock."

Just then the doctor said:

"Miss Olcott, please sit on the front seat and let me sit by Fred to hold him up."

"Keep your seat, Evelyn," said Fred; "the doctor won't believe but what I am ground to a pulp. Bless your brave heart."

"All right, Fred," she replied. "I'll sit here by you." So the doctor was forced to take the front seat.

"Where's Mary?" Fred inquired.

"She has been put into a carriage and is probably waiting for brother."

"Then, driver, go ahead," said the doctor, and the carriage started down the street.

It was a long drive from the club grounds to the Fearnot residence on Fifth avenue.

It so happened that Mrs. Fearnot didn't go out to the exhibition at the club grounds that day. When the two carriages reached the Fearnot home, Terry first escorted Mary into the house, and she ran up to her and Evelyn's room without seeing Mrs. Fearnot. Then Terry went out

to the other carriage to assist the doctor in bringing Fred into the house. Terry wanted to take him into his strong arms, but Fred protested, saying:

"Terry, that would frighten mother to death. Just let Evelyn hold the door open and I can walk up easily between the doctor and yourself, and we'll go straight up to our room."

"That's good sense," remarked the doctor, and so they proceeded to take him up the stairs to his room.

The doctor noticed that his face turned very white, as the exertion of walking up the stoop and also up the stairs evidently pained him a good deal.

Fortunately, Mrs. Fearnot thought that only Evelyn and Mary had returned, and she didn't come to the front part of the house. As soon as Fred was placed in bed by Terry and the doctor, Evelyn then went in and saw Mrs. Fearnot, saying:

"Mother, Fred has been taken suddenly ill, and we have brought him home and brother has just placed him in bed."

Mrs. Fearnot was startled. She noticed Evelyn's pallid features, and then hurried upstairs to Fred's room. She knew the clubhouse physician by sight, having seen him several times up at the club grounds.

"Doctor, is Fred hurt?"

"Yes, madam," said he, "but it is nothing serious; there are no limbs broken."

"What is the matter with him, doctor?"

"He had a fall in the gymnasium."

She passed by him and went straight to the bedside, and before she could ask any questions, Fred said:

"Mother, a ladder broke and I had a fall. It was a severe one, but the doctor says that no limbs are broken."

She dropped into a chair and held both hands over her heart as if to still its wild beating. Then she turned to the physician and said:

"Doctor, let me know the worst."

"Madam, nobody can tell what the worst is. I can assure you, though, that no limb has been broken; but whether or not he has been injured internally, it will take twenty-four hours to develop."

"Oh, my!" she groaned. "I've been expecting this ever since this club started. Both of these boys will risk their lives unnecessarily."

Evelyn went up to her, put her arms around her neck, kissed her and said:

"Now, mother, don't imagine the worst; but come on down to your room and let the doctor attend to Fred."

"Doctor," Mrs. Fearnot asked, "shall I send for my regular family physician?"

"Madam, that is a right that you certainly have; but I don't think that it is necessary just at present. I have examined him thoroughly, and can assure you that there are no fractured limbs; although it was an extremely narrow escape and an extremely dangerous fall."

"Mother, don't send for the regular physician, for Doctor Willis is an expert in matters of this kind; we'll just leave

it in his hands. I guess I will feel very sore to-morrow, but I feel perfectly safe in his hands."

CHAPTER VI.

FRED'S FIRST APPEARANCE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Before leaving the house, the club physician was compelled to prescribe for Mary Hamilton, for the nervous shock had been too much for her, and she was quite ill. He ordered her to go to bed at once, and gave her an opiate to produce sleep, so Evelyn and Mrs. Fearnot were left in charge of Fred.

Terry hurried back to the clubhouse to look after the great indoor meet.

Downtown in his office Judge Fearnot heard of it, and he at once went to the 'phone and called up his wife. Evelyn responded, telling him everything and assuring him that no limb was broken, and that Fred was bearing up like the brave man that he was.

Knowing that the news would be wired all over the country, Evelyn sent a dispatch up to her mother. She told her what had happened, but that she thought that Fred was in no danger on account of it.

A little after dark there came a dispatch from Margie up at New Era, begging her mother to send her all the particulars at her expense. Of course, Evelyn wrote the reply, and in a few brief sentences told her the whole story. Then Margie wired down to Evelyn to tell her the plain truth and let her know if her assistance was needed.

"Why, no, dear. Mother and I can look after him all right, and he has so many friends who want to render assistance that it is hard work to keep them from over-running the house."

Mrs. Fearnot finally 'phoned for her family physician and asked him to consult and act with Doctor Willis of the clubhouse.

The doctor said that he would and hastened to the Fearnot residence, only to find that Dr. Willis had done just what he would have done had he been present at the time of the accident. They both sat up and watched Fred until midnight, fearing that some internal injury had taken place. Then they administered an opiate, and the family physician returned to his home, leaving Doctor Willis to spend the remainder of the night in Fred's room.

By morning Fred was, as was to be expected, sore from head to foot as the result of the bruises that he had received. The old family physician called soon after breakfast, and the two doctors made a thorough examination to ascertain whether or not any internal injuries had been received. They both expressed great surprise that the fall hadn't broken several limbs and injured him internally.

They informed Fred that it was absolutely necessary for him to be kept perfectly quiet for at least a week; that he must not receive visitors in his room.

"Look here, doctor," said he, "that doesn't exclude my mother and my sweetheart, does it? If it does I will be a very disorderly patient."

"Oh, no; they are your nurses," said the doctor, smiling.

"That's all right, then; for no better nurses could be found anywhere in the whole United States. Doctor, can I read the morning papers?"

"Oh, yes, if you don't get excited over them."

"Oh, there's no danger of that. My two nurses will read the papers to me."

Of course, Terry came in after breakfast and told Fred about the continued success of the great indoor meet up at the club grounds.

"Terry," said he, "just take charge there and run it until I can get up again."

After that Terry left the house and went up to the club grounds after first taking leave of Evelyn and Mary.

Of course, quite a number of girl friends came in to see Evelyn and Mary and Mrs. Fearnot, but none of them were permitted to see Fred. Even his two cousins, beautiful society girls, were not permitted to see him. He suffered intensely, and several times as Evelyn sat by his bedside reading the morning papers to him she saw him making desperate efforts to suppress a groan. She pretended that she didn't hear him. Finally she laid down the paper, knelt down by his bed and kissed him as only a warm-hearted lover like her could. She burst into tears, and suddenly he gave way to his own emotion and wept copiously. Then she bethought herself that her giving way to her emotions would excite him and do him no little injury, so she stopped and apologized for her breakdown.

When Terry came home at noon he told Evelyn and Mary that fully five hundred dispatches from friends from all over the country had arrived at the clubhouse. He stated that fully fifty deputies had come up from Wall street. He said that both Middleton and Kennedy had each wired three times inquiring after his condition and asking when they would be permitted to see him. He told Evelyn that old Billy Bowlegs, the marvelous sprinter, had come to him with tears trickling down his ugly, weather-beaten face and wanted to know if he could call at the house to see Fred, and that young Randy Ransome had asked for the same privilege.

"Brother," said Evelyn, "don't tell any of those things to Fred; at least, not to-day. Wait several days."

Both the girls assured him that the physicians were positive that he had not sustained any internal injuries, but said that he was simply sore from the shock and the bruises.

Sam Innes and Frank Gale had wired over making inquiries.

Evelyn was very glad that the doctor had prohibited the admission of visitors, for she knew well what peace and quiet was worth to a man of his temperament under such circumstances.

Being under an opiate administered by the doctors, Fred slept the greater part of the day, and, of course, the opiate

soothed his pain to a great degree. When he awoke, about five o'clock, he declared that he was feeling so well that he would get up the next day.

"Indeed you won't," answered Evelyn. "You've got to stay right there in that bed, if I have to call in the police to tie you down. The doctor has given mother and me instructions about that, and you must obey."

"All right," said he, "I never was disobedient to my mother in my life, so I will hardly begin to be so at this late hour."

When Judge Fearnot came home at the end of the day he told his wife and the two girls that he didn't believe that an accident to the President of the United States could have stirred up a deeper interest throughout the metropolis than did Fred's mishap.

"Father," said Evelyn, proudly, "everybody likes Fred because of his generous, manly qualities of mind."

"Oh, look here," said Terry. "I had to shed tears to-day copiously when about two hundred little boys, newsboys, bootblacks and other little gamins, crowded about me inquiring about Fred's condition. Some of them acted as though they had just lost the best friend that they had. They said so many loving things about him, every word of which came from their hearts, that I had to dry my face with my handkerchief several times. In their rough, uncouth way they showed what they thought and they felt about it. I'm sure that I saw at least ten little fellows wiping their eyes with their dirty little fists, which, of course, would have been extremely ludicrous under other circumstances."

"Bless their dear hearts," sobbed Evelyn.

Fred himself was deeply touched by this, and he said that he preferred their sympathy to that of ten times as many grown people, for there was no hypocrisy in such a friendship.

"Terry, tell them that when I get up I'll give them all free tickets for the next big exhibition."

It took the committee who acted as referees in the contest during the day of the great indoor meet a good deal of time to decide who should receive the medals of merit. Of course, there were a great many who thought that they were honestly entitled to receive one, whether the committee thought so or not, and Terry soon saw that there would be a great deal of disappointment, not to say dissatisfaction, so he consulted with the committee about the matter.

The committee thought that more medals should be struck off in order to do away with much of the dissatisfaction.

Three days after the great indoor meet the names of the successful athletes were announced. Of course, there was a great deal of dissatisfaction. But Terry told them that they would have another meet, from which the winners would be debarred, so that the others could win distinction. That, of course, satisfied everybody. The medals were finally ordered to be manufactured, and in due time they were sent up to the managers of the club for distribution.

Perhaps the proudest one of all the winners was young

Randy Ransome when they pinned his gold medal on his breast, and never did a young girl show more pride in her first diamond ring than did he in showing that prize medal. He had won it fairly, for his improvement had been something rapid. His mother had come into the city and was given a seat without charge, and when she saw him in the great crowd of sprinters, keeping up pretty close behind old Billy Bowlegs, she was a proud mother indeed. He had been earning more than double the wages he had on the farm by acting as one of the guards in the great arena, and she went back home with his month's wages, with the exception of five dollars which she permitted him to keep. She had a schoolmate who had married a blacksmith in the city with whom she had spent the night.

There were several youths who had done very well under the circumstances, but none of them gave promise of such imminent success as did Randy. The truth is, Randy delighted in exercise, and he not only took lessons in the arena as a runner, but in some of the gymnastic games. He was naturally strong, and Fred Fearnot's accident had impressed upon his mind the importance of keeping a firm grip in his gymnastic practice, particularly the swinging rings.

On the Sunday following the great meet, Randy walked out to his home in New Jersey, about fifteen miles, to see his mother and little brothers and sisters and to exhibit his gold medal to his friends. He had a sweetheart living within a couple of miles of his mother's home, and he called to see her. Her father was a very hard-headed old fellow, who told her that if Randy was going to become a sporting man she couldn't marry him. She cried over it, girl-like, but she secretly promised herself that if Randy's profession as a sprinter earned him money enough to take care of her as his wife that she would marry him without her father's consent.

Her father was a poor farmer who tilled a few acres of ground and barely made a frugal living, so when Randy called that Sunday she told him what her father was saying.

"Don't worry about that, dear," said Randy, who was a pretty level-headed boy, "the trouble is that your father don't believe there is any money in it. As soon as he finds out the contrary he will make no objection, for money shuts up the mouths of objectors everywhere."

He told her that, at the next great exhibition at the club grounds, he would send her a ticket by mail, with money enough to pay her expenses to and from the city.

The girl was eager to go. Of course, she had visited the city many times with her mother and other friends and neighbors.

Time passed on, and the press kept the public posted as to Fred's progress toward convalescence, until finally the announcement was made that on a certain day Fred would appear at the clubhouse to meet his friends.

"Fred," said Terry. "I look for a great crowd out to-morrow when you appear in the arena, for I am asked after you by hundreds of people every day. No man has ever

received such an ovation as you will when they catch sight of you. If you will take my advice you will appear in a neat business suit and take no part in any exercises whatever."

"Oh, I'll see to that, brother," laughed Evelyn. "The doctor has forbidden him to partake in any of the exercises for two weeks yet, although he seems to have fully recovered from the effects of the accident, but the doctor is a wise man. He knows how one's physical condition is strained in taking violent exercise; besides, Fred has pledged me his word of honor that he will comply with the doctor's orders in both letter and spirit."

It was announced that he would appear at the club grounds on the following Saturday.

All the little boys had heard that Fred was going to appear at the clubhouse that day, and all the forenoon they hung about the gate waiting for Terry Olcott to keep his promise to them to send them tickets of admission, so he sent out a couple of men to distribute five hundred tickets among them. What a scramble followed! And how happy the little fellows were when they found themselves in possession of the little bits of pasteboard.

Fred, Evelyn and Mary came up in a closed carriage and slipped in through a side entrance. Then they made their way into the Fearnot private box, where they quietly seated themselves with a party of friends who had preceded them.

Fred looked around at the great crowd of visitors and down at the standing-room apartment, where the little boys were congregated.

Suddenly one of the little fellows, barefooted and rather dirty-faced, sprang to his feet and sung out:

"Fellers, I see Fred Fearnot. He's back over there in his regular box with his gal," and he pointed his finger in the direction of the Fearnot private box.

Of course, the eyes of the people were turned in that direction. For awhile the eyes of the little boys could not make him out, but finally a sufficient number of them did to start the ovation, and such screaming and yelling and enthusiastic applause as broke forth almost brought tears to Fred's eyes.

Finally he rose up and stood out in full view of the vast audience, bowing and smiling. He had to keep it up for several minutes. Evelyn and Mary sat back behind a crowd of ladies in the box. When a lull in the noise occurred a shrill little voice was heard, saying:

"Fred, why don't your gal stand up with you? Has she gone back on you?"

A great roar of laughter followed the inquiry, and Evelyn, blushing and laughing, rose from her seat and took her stand alongside of Fred.

How the crowd yelled. A splendid lot of bouquets was sent flying through the air in her direction. Some of them fell short of reaching them, but she and Fred had to dodge some of them to avoid being hit in the face.

CHAPTER VII.

TERRY AND THE DISORDERLY BULLY.

Finally Fred raised his hand and motioned for silence. Hundreds of the little boys didn't see or understand his motions, so they kept on whooping and yelling, watching each other as if trying to see that none of them made more noise than they did.

When he was able to make himself heard, Fred called out:

"My friends, I feel grateful to you for your kind reception. I must say that the public has always been kind toward Terry and I, particularly the younger portion of it. The little boys have always been true to us. They have stuck to us with a degree of faithfulness that is really remarkable, and the feeling is reciprocal, for I have always been the friend of every little boy who deserves friendship. Some of you may not believe it, but I was once a little boy myself."

Then turning toward the great concourse of ladies and gentlemen, Fred proceeded to descant on the sincerity of his juvenile friends, dwelling particularly on their utter lack of hypocrisy in their friendship. In a few minutes he had the vast crowd spellbound with his flow of eloquence, and the little boys sat with eyes and mouths open, taking in every word that fell from his lips.

They seemed to understand that what he was saying was in praise of them, and they stood ready to use their little fists to preserve order while he was speaking. He spoke of the mothers of the hundreds of little boys before him and of his own mother, and how she had frequently enforced her domestic discipline with an old slipper, and how eager he was at all times to run errands for his mother and save her all the trouble possible.

Some of the little fellows actually howled as they listened, and the great crowd of elderly people sat spellbound under the flow of his eloquence. He gave expression to many sentiments that made a deep impression on the minds of the juveniles, and when he told of how he loved all little boys and had always been ready and willing to aid and protect them under all circumstances, they loved him more than ever before in their lives. He told them that his partner, Olcott, had a boyhood experience similar to his own: that he was a big-hearted fellow who believed in the natural boy. He went on in that strain several minutes longer, and as soon as he had finished Terry, without waiting for any announcement, sprang to his feet and took hold of the subject just where Fred had left off.

He told how his sister Evelyn once undertook to catch him for her mother and that she put up a much better race than her father had.

"But, boys," he added, "she didn't catch me. She did catch Fred, though; and, let me drop you a little secret, she not only caught him, but she kept him hard and fast." And while telling this Terry put his hand up alongside of

his mouth and leaned forward as if trying to tell an important secret in a whisper.

What a burst of laughter followed the announcement!

Evelyn blushed like a rose and Fred leaned over and tapped her elbow with his finger and said something to her that made her laugh and blush still more. Mary Hamilton suspected that she was in for it, too; so she managed to slip back further from the observation of the crowd before Terry said anything about her. Then when it came old and young screamed with laughter at her expense.

Then Terry went on to tell some blood-curdling stories of his experience in the far West when hunting big game and of getting mixed up in trouble with the Indians and cowboys. Those were the very things that the boys wanted to hear, and some of them actually leaned over the seats with their eyes riveted on his face and their mouths wide open. Even the grown folks of both sexes seemed to be spellbound as they listened to the stories of his and Fred's adventures.

Among all that vast crowd by that time no other sound was heard than Terry's voice, showing that he had most perfect control over them. At times they would break out into most uproarious applause and laughter. He told how, when he and his sister and Miss Hamilton, together with Fred and a couple of cowboys, were riding from the railway station down to the ranch they were held up by a party of bandits; how the bandits had gotten the drop on them and had them at their mercy, and a big, brawny bandit had Fred covered with his revolver so that he couldn't move his own hand toward the weapon that was stuck in his belt.

"Then sister Evelyn," he continued, "urged her horse right up alongside of Fred's, and, reaching out, snatched the revolver from Fred's belt and shot the bandit through his right arm, giving us a chance to draw our own weapons, and then the circus began."

Not another word could the crowd hear, for the little fellows became perfectly wild in their enthusiasm over Evelyn's exploit.

Naturally, the little boys didn't believe there were any girls living who would have done what she did. They always claimed that little girls were "cry-babies," and that when one of them was hurt or frightened she ran screaming to her mother. Now they were up before a most beautiful young lady who had shot a man with a real revolver. Even Terry was surprised at the excitement that followed his relation of the story. The story had been published many a time, but this was the first time that Terry had ever told it in a speech. Not only the boys, but grown men stood up and waved their hats and canes. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the ovation continued for fully five minutes.

Terry waved his hands in vain for silence. The grown people tried to help him out in quieting the crowd, but the little boys seemed determined to have their yelling out at all hazards. They cheered for Evelyn. Her name could be heard over the great din on the lips of the shrill-voiced little urchins.

Finally the thought struck her that if she got up and waved her hands for silence that the noise would cease, so she undertook to do so; but when the boys saw her rise up they hushed for an instant, and then scores of them sung out:

"Look at her, look at her! Ain't she sweet?"

Evelyn burst into a laugh in spite of herself and resumed her seat, shaking her head as much as to say:

"It's no use."

Now and then some of the boys would sing out:

"Gee! she shot a robber."

"Broke his arm!" put in another.

"Broke the holdup!" cried a third.

Terry then motioned to Evelyn and Mary both to stand up alongside of him, and Fred joined them. Then Terry broke forth into song, accompanied by Fred and the girls. They had to sing nearly an entire verse before the boys could understand that they were singing. Then they quieted down and the singing went on, and once more a profound silence filled the great arena. Everybody was charmed, for Fred's and Terry's voices were as well cultivated as were those of the girls.

The juveniles soon learned that the singing was for their benefit, a treat especially prepared for them, and they kept perfect order as long as it went on.

The applause at the end of each verse was uproarious and hearty.

When the singing ended the boys began cheering for Evelyn, "who shot de robber," and it was kept up for several minutes.

By and by, when it was about subsiding, a little fellow started it anew by screaming out at the top of his shrill voice:

"Three cheers for Terry's gal."

"Oh, my!" gasped Mary, and she sank down behind two or three ladies in the box.

Finally Fred ordered the band to play. There never was a time when a good brass band couldn't stop a noisy crowd of boys from yelling. While the band was playing Fred and Terry got the two girls out from the box in the grandstand and escorted them out to their carriage. Then the great crowd began slowly dispersing, but a few people remained in the gallery of the gymnasium to look on at the pupils who were exercising in their classes. The little boys had finally to be cleared out by the guards.

When Terry saw them pouring through the gates he said to the driver:

"Get away as fast as you can, for those little rascals will chase us a mile down the street."

"Oh, my, yes!" said Mary; "it won't do to let them see us."

The carriage got the start of the little lads and the girls were not molested.

"There is no hypocrisy in the little fellows" said Terry.

"Yes, they don't mean to play a joke on one, but it amounts at times to a most awful joke the way they display their admiration and their enthusiasm."

Nearly every day reporters called on Fred, mostly at the clubhouse, to get a report of his condition; hence the sporting public was kept pretty well posted as to his condition. They were anxious to see him in the arena again, particularly with the foils; but Fred knew only too well that there was no sport that subjected one to a greater strain than does fencing between two expert fencers. So he always told them that he knew that imprudence in physical matters was very dangerous, and that he would not participate in any athletic exercises until his physician assured him that he was thoroughly recovered from the effects of his accident. But Evelyn's injunctions had far greater weight with him than the physician's, so he was content to enjoy the rest which he thought himself entitled to.

Evelyn was highly gratified at his willingness to follow her injunctions, but Mary was always apprehensive that Terry would be likely to meet with an accident himself, because she knew that he was far more impulsive than was Fred. But Fred's athletic accident had made Terry more cautious. In speaking with Middleton about it one day, he said that Fred had been unusually cautious and still had met with an accident, and that it had had its effect upon him.

One afternoon Terry alighted from a carriage just outside of the gymnasium and before entering he stopped to look at the crowd at one of the ticket doors. His attention was called to a big, burly fellow who was impatient to get inside. A solid mass of men of every age and condition in life was between him and the entrance. He was not content to await his turn, so he began elbowing his way through the crowd with great rudeness, and, being a big, strong fellow, he pushed quite a number of lighter-built men out of his way. Several he upset completely. Disgusted with the fellow's rudeness, Terry went up and worked his way into the edge of the crowd to more effectively watch him. Finally he caught his eye and said to him:

"My friends, I believe that it is the rule in a crowd like this for every man to be patient and to follow after those who are passed in ahead and not to knock other people out of the way, as you are doing."

The man looked at him and snorted and then asked:

"What have you got to do with it? Don't you admire my style?"

"Well, I'll confess that I don't like it at all."

"Then you had better fire me out of the crowd."

"Oh, it's no business of mine, but you would get into trouble very quickly if you were to jostle me that way."

"Oh, I would, eh?" and he proceeded to jostle him about like a wild steer would were he trying to get inside of the club grounds.

Several parties yelled at him: "Look out; other people want to get in as well as you do!" but the fellow thought that a man of Terry's size couldn't interfere with him.

They were jammed in the crowd so that there was no room for Terry to help himself, and he rudely jostled two or three men himself in order to free his arms. Then he struck the man a blow with each arm straight from the

shoulder, and each blow landed straight on the fellow's breast. He yelled that he would break every bone in Terry's body, and, pushing aside the men in his way, he aimed several blows at Terry's face. Of course, Terry parried them and all the men standing around made a combined assault on the big fellow, which, of course, gave him more than he could attend to. Terry led the way in the attack, and soon the big fellow found himself some twenty feet away from the entrance, while every man within striking distance of him let him have a blow or two. The longer the struggle continued the further he found himself from the entrance; but still he had never suspected Terry's identity. When he got more elbow-room Terry's efforts became more unhampered, and he was enabled to land a blow or two on the man's face which sent him staggering back into the crowd.

The fellow saw that he was up against a man who was as strong as he was. Others saw it, too, and someone in the crowd recognized Terry and began whooping:

"Stuff it to him, Mr. Olcott."

Of course, Terry didn't need any encouragement.

In a few moments the big fellow found himself lying on the ground and then the crowd began walking over him. Then he began to yell for the police. There was a policeman out in the outskirts of the crowd, but there were too many in the way for him to interfere. After awhile he managed to club his way up to the man's side.

"What's the matter with you?" the policeman asked.

"Why, I want to get in, and it seems that I can't."

"Well," said Terry, "you can't get in by knocking people out of your way. You must walk along with the crowd. Other people have as much right to get in as you have."

In the noise, however, the fellow hadn't caught Terry's name, and, turning to the officer, he insisted that Terry would have to be arrested for disorderly conduct.

"Well," said the officer, "you seem to be the most disorderly person around here, and if you do any more pushing and shoving, other than moving quietly along and going in with the crowd, I'll pull you in."

"Well, why don't you pull that fellow in? He's doing more knocking and pushing than anybody else."

Terry looked at the officer and smiled, for they both knew each other personally.

Just then the fellow heard Terry's name, and he asked the officer if that was Olcott.

"Yes," was the reply, "and that is where you made the mistake."

"Thunder! can't he get in any other way than by knocking people around that way?"

"Yes, I can get in in a dozen different places," put in Terry, "but when I tried to get through here you fell to pushing and hitting at me, and that wouldn't go, you know."

"Well," said the fellow, "you hit me a dozen times."

Just then the Fearnot carriage came up, and Terry looked around and saw Black Mose sitting on the seat with the driver.

"Is that you, Master Terry?" Mose sung out.

"Yes, Mose. How did you get away from New Era?"

"Why, Miss Margie tole me I do could take a day off and come down to see you and Mister Fred."

"All right, Mose. Have you got a ticket?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Margie give me four tickets."

CHAPTER VIII.

A MURDEROUS ATTACK ON OLCOTT.

Black Mose leaped down from his seat beside the driver, feeling proud of Terry's familiarity with him. He was practically a stranger to everybody present. Those who knew Terry by sight thought he was simply a poor black man whom Terry was trying to pilot into the great club grounds. But there were a lot of tough chaps in the ground who seemed to resent being pushed by a black man, and a big, burly-looking fellow gave him a punch in the chest with his fist and told him to get out of his way.

"Don't you get out of anybody's way, Mose," said Terry, "but just push your way along with the crowd. Don't try to interfere with anybody else, though. You have as much right to pass in as any other man has."

Now, with Fred or Terry at his back, old Mose wasn't afraid of Old Nick himself; so he kept right alongside of Terry until the same big muscular fellow dealt him a pretty hot blow on his chest again and ordered him to get out of his way.

"What's become of your head, Mose?" Terry asked.

"I've got it with me, Mister Terry."

"Then butt that man out of your way. He has no right to take your place."

Mose lowered his big black battering-ram and gave him a blow in the chest that sent him reeling against those back of him.

The man threatened to kill him, and he made a motion as if to draw a weapon from his pistol-pocket.

It was never known whether he had one there or not, for Mose didn't wait for him to draw it. He gave him a second blow that knocked him unconscious.

"That'll do," said Terry. "Come ahead," and, taking him by the arm, he managed to reach the ticket-taker with him, and so they got inside together.

Then Terry led him around to the front, and, pointing to a seat on the bottom row, he said:

"Sit down there, Mose, and wait until I come back."

Mose sat down and stared around at the enormous crowd, being, perhaps, the only black man under the roof at the time. In a few minutes Terry came back and said:

"Come along with me, Mose," and he led the way through the crowd until he found a place for him and ordered him to sit there.

Just then a well-known politician and sporting man came up, and, seeing Mose, he exclaimed:

"Hello! here's Black Mose, the best barbecuist in this country," and he shook hands with him as though he were as good as any white man living.

By and by a man came along with a policeman following close behind him. When he saw Mose he turned to the officer and said:

"There he is. He butted his way through the crowd like a black bull and injured several people."

The officer laid his hand on Mose's arm and said:

"Say, my good fellow, come along with me."

"What's de matter, boss. What's I done done?"

"You've been a little too free with that head of yours," said the officer. "I'm going to pull you in, and he tried to pull Mose to his feet."

Now, Mose had always had a wholesome fear of the New York police. He looked helplessly around for Terry, but Terry had entered the clubhouse.

From where she was sitting in the grandstand in the Fearnot private box Evelyn saw that the officer was trying to arrest her favorite New Era cook, so she sprang up and asked the individuals in front of her to please let her pass. Of course, every man bowed politely and made way for her, until she finally reached the spot where Mose and the officer were standing.

"What's the matter, Mose?" she inquired.

"Why, miss, dis here ossifer wants to 'rest me."

"What's he guilty of, officer?" Evelyn asked.

"Why, this gentleman here says that this man butted him with his head and nearly killed him when he was coming inside."

"There must be some mistake, sir," said she. "This man is in my brother's employ, and Mr. Fearnot's, too. I will be responsible for him until my brother returns."

"All right, Miss Olcott, for I believe that's who you are."

"Yes, sir; that's my name."

Just then Evelyn saw Terry coming, and she called to him. As Terry came up she pointed to the big burly fellow whom Mose had butted with his head and told him what charge the man was making.

Terry turned to the fellow and said:

"Yes, I am responsible for that. This man hit Mose twice with all his might just because he was a black man trying to come in with the crowd. If you want to do the right thing arrest him, and I will go with you to the station to make complaint against him."

The officer turned to the man and asked him if he insisted upon the black man being arrested.

"Oh, drop it," said the fellow. "I will see Mr. Olcott later."

Then Evelyn turned to Mose and said:

"Mose, come up in the private box and stand right up behind my chair," and she led the way, with Mose following close behind her.

Mose was proud of her protection, while at the same time he was as humble as the best trained servant possibly could be. He stood there smiling and looking astoundedly at

some of the wonderful feats that he saw going on in the arena.

The next day a well-known sporting man called on Terry at the clubhouse and handed him a note which a friend of his had requested him to deliver. Terry read the note and found that it was from the gentleman who tried to have Black Mose arrested the day before out in the arena for butting him after the man had struck him twice.

He claimed that Terry's ordering the black man to butt him was a gross insult, and he demanded an apology for it. Terry was staggered at the fellow's impudence. He asked the bearer of the note if he was aware of its contents. He said that he was, as far as the man had explained matters to him.

"Well," said Terry, "let's see if he explained it to you so as to make you understand it as I do," and he related his side of the story.

"Well," said the bearer of the note, "he didn't tell me that he had first struck the colored man twice. He simply informed me that the black man had brushed against him rudely in the crowd in front of the ticket gate of the club grounds, and that he had protested, and that Olcott had instructed the fellow to butt him. Then he said that the colored man had obeyed the order promptly."

"That is a most decided mistake," said Terry. "That colored man has been a favorite and trusted servant of Fearnot and myself for some five or six years, and Fred's sister, Mrs. Duncan, gave him a day's holiday to come down to the city and visit the club grounds. When I saw him I told him to come along with me into the grounds and I would secure a good seat for him. To my personal knowledge this gentleman struck him twice with great force and without any provocation and ordered him out of his way. As near as I could judge, it was simply on account of his color. I protested personally, and finally told Mose to butt him if he hit him again. The next moment he let the fellow have a blow from his head that knocked him completely off his balance. Now I have no apologies to make. If you will come into my office I will answer the note and explain why I have no apology to make."

"All right, sir. I will wait for you to write the note."

Terry went into his office, sat down to his desk and wrote the following note:

"Dear Sir—In answer to the note which your friend has just delivered to me in person, I have to say that, to my certain knowledge, you were the aggressor. I have known that colored man for several years, and know that he is an honest, faithful, self-respecting man. Not knowing you, or for what purpose you acted as you did, I told him to butt you if you struck him again, and he simply followed the suggestion. I have no apology to make, and have only to say that I regret that any decent-looking white man should behave as you did. For that reason I have given my servant permission to butt you again if you offer him violence.

Respectfully yours,

"TERRY OLCOTT."

"Mr. Olcott," the gentleman asked, "am I permitted to read the note?"

"Certainly, sir, you may read it."

The man did so, looked serious and said:

"Mr. Olcott, I am afraid that this will lead to trouble."

"That's all right. I absolve you from any responsibility whatever, and you can so explain it to your friend."

The man took the note and delivered it after explaining his interview with Olcott. Of course, the man considered himself grossly insulted. The bearer of the first note refused to take another one to Terry, so he called on another friend to take a challenge from him to Olcott.

When Terry received it he smiled and asked the gentleman if he was aware that it was a challenge.

"No, I was told that it was simply a demand for an apology."

"He misled you, sir. You can see that it is practically an invitation to a hostile meeting, and that is a violation of the law."

"Then, Mr. Olcott, please consider it as not having been delivered, and I will return it to the sender."

"All right," said Terry, "you can bear a verbal message to him from me to the effect that I hold myself in readiness always to defend myself when attacked. You may also inform him that I will refuse to accept any challenge from him, but that if he wants any personal satisfaction he can come to me for it."

The man went away. Terry knew nothing whatever about the man, and when he told Fred the circumstances the latter advised him to have nothing at all to do with him.

On the night of the encounter Mose had taken the train for New Era, satisfied with his enjoyment of the day.

Some two weeks passed, and Terry had forgotten all about the incident, when a big, burly, tough-looking man met him outside of the club grounds as he was going across the street to a store to make a small purchase and asked him if his name were Olcott.

"Yes," said Terry; "that is my name."

"All right. I am going to give you a good thrashing."

The man's right hand was in his trousers pocket, which caused Terry to suspect that he had a concealed weapon in his hand. Terry had no weapon with him and he was on his guard.

Suddenly the man drew a small, compact slungshot, and with it he aimed a terrific blow at Terry's head. Had it landed where it was aimed its effect would have been fatal.

Terry reached out his hand and caught the fellow's arm as it descended, and the blow landed on the man's own arm about halfway between the wrist and the elbow. It deadened every sense of feeling of the member. Then Terry delivered a blow in return which landed on the man's chin. It dislocated his jawbone on each side of his face.

Several parties saw the beginning. The assault and what followed scarcely consumed one minute's time. Terry tripped the man's feet from under him and he fell heavily

to the ground. The next moment Terry had him a helpless prisoner. Several persons ran up to him to prevent him from escaping, which he tried to do by flight, but Terry had his grip on him, and in less than one minute more he was in the grip of an officer.

The officer was dumfounded when he found that both the man's jaws had been knocked out of socket. The man could make no explanation, but he pointed to Terry accusingly, and the officer laid his hand on Terry's collar and told him that he was a prisoner also.

Terry turned to a man who had seen the attack made on him and said:

"Will you please come to the police station with me as a witness?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "with pleasure."

Then Terry turned to the officer and suggested that he take charge of the slungshot that was in the prisoner's hand.

Of course, a crowd quickly gathered, and it didn't take the officer but a few moments to find out who Terry was.

The injured man was groaning in great pain, and he motioned to the officer to take him to the nearest drug store for treatment. The officer did so, and there the druggist summoned a physician by 'phone.

One soon responded, and he saw at a glance what the man's condition was.

"Why, officer, that man's jaws are dislocated," said the doctor.

"Well, can you do anything for him?" the officer asked.

"Why, yes; but it is the first double dislocation that I ever saw in my life."

The doctor had no little trouble in managing the man. The prisoner groaned in a way that showed intense agony.

"Hold on, doctor," said Terry. "Let me assist you. You push against his jaw on the right and I will do the same on the left; then we'll see if it is necessary to take him to a hospital."

Fortunately the physician recognized Terry by sight.

"All right," said he. "We'll try it," and he placed himself in position just as Terry did. By the combined efforts of them both the jaws were restored to their socket.

Of course, the pain made the prisoner fairly dance. The first thing he said was to charge Terry with cruel and malicious assault.

The officer looked at Terry as if much surprised.

Terry then told his story and pointed to the stranger, who, he said, had witnessed the attack. The stranger offered to accompany Terry down to the police station and corroborate his statement. One of the city detectives happened to be at the station, and he recognized the assailant as a well-known crook and a very stubborn bruiser. The captain of the precinct, of course, knew Terry well, personally, and Terry requested him to 'phone to the magistrate to come to the station at once and accept bail for him. The magistrate soon responded and accepted Terry's personal bail, while the prisoner was locked up. Of course,

the police found that the slungshot was secured to the prisoner's wrist, and not to Terry's.

That evening Terry was at his post at the clubhouse directing the exercises.

The next morning when Terry appeared at the police court he found a well-known lawyer there to defend the prisoner. The lawyer wanted time to prepare for the prisoner's defense. He had a man with him ready to give any amount of bail that the court might call for.

Terry's witness, who had given his name as Van Alstyne, was on hand.

Terry thought that it was a little strange that the prisoner's counsel should insist upon a postponement of twenty-four hours to prepare for the defense, so when the case was postponed Terry acted promptly and secured the services of the detective who happened to be at the station at the time the prisoner was brought in. He took him aside and said:

"Detective, I want you to keep your eye on that fellow and on those who come here to see him. I have every reason to believe that this was a deliberate attempt to kill me with that slungshot and then to escape through the crowd on the street. There's good money in it for you if you will do your utmost and get at the bottom of this thing."

"All right, Mr. Olcott," said the detective, and then Terry told him about the trouble he had had with a man who wanted to challenge him to a duel on account of his advice to his servant, Black Mose, to butt him in resentment of an attack that had been made on him.

"I really don't know whether that party had anything to do with this attack or not," said he, "but I suspect that he had."

Now, the captain of the precinct was not only well acquainted with Fred and Terry, but considered Olcott his friend, and he and the detective were friends also.

One of the policemen in that precinct also was an amateur photographer, and the detective arranged with him to take snapshots of whoever called on the prisoner, so he was posted continually for that purpose at the sergeant's office door.

CHAPTER IX.

EVELYN REVEALS HERS AND MARY'S SECRET.

Fully half a score of well-dressed men called at the police station to see Terry's assailant in his cell. The captain of the precinct had him brought out into his private room so that the amateur photographer could get fair snapshots of him and his lawyer, with the parties with whom they were whispering for a couple of hours.

Meanwhile, Terry had engaged the services of a lawyer who was under a retainer by the governors of the club. He

was, of course, the legal adviser of every member of the club.

The next morning before he went to the police court the detective brought to Terry the photograph of every man who had visited the prisoner. Among them was the very man whom Terry suspected of being the instigator of the murderous attempt that had been made upon his life.

"That's the fellow," said Terry, "who, in my judgment, hired that would-be assassin to brain me out on the street, and he is the man who challenged me to fight a duel with him."

"Was it a written challenge?" his lawyer asked.

"Yes, but I refused to receive it, and I returned it to the bearer by whom I sent a verbal message that I wouldn't accept any challenge, but stood ready to defend myself when attacked."

"What a pity you didn't keep that challenge," said the lawyer.

"Yes, that was where I made a mistake," admitted Terry, "and I am afraid, too," he added, "that I made a mistake in not having my witness secured also, as I see that he hasn't shown up here this morning."

The lawyer for the prisoner announced himself as ready for the case. To his utter amazement, Terry's lawyer changed the charge against the prisoner to that of malicious assault with intent to murder, which, of course, would necessitate his being held on bail to be tried before a higher court. The prisoner's lawyer protested strenuously. Then Terry's lawyer stated the case in a manner that made it look very different from that of disorderly conduct. The judge wanted to hear some of the evidence in the case, so Terry told his story and the detective corroborated it by explaining how the policeman had found the slungshot securely fastened to the prisoner's wrist, showing that it was impossible for Terry to have been the assailant.

Terry's lawyer intimated his suspicion that the defense had bought off Terry's witness, Van Alstyne, and that provoked a worldly fight with the prisoner's lawyer.

The result was that the judge remanded the prisoner for the action of the grand jury.

A warrant was issued for Van Alstyne and placed in the hands of the detective.

Terry didn't have a shadow of a doubt of his having been tampered with in order to keep him from appearing as a witness against the prisoner. The latter's lawyer made desperate efforts to make it out a small affair, but Terry understood the game from the first.

Terry pointed out among the photographs the picture of the man who was at the bottom of the trouble, and promised the detective a good reward for his apprehension. He was finally found, and he declared that he didn't know the prisoner, and had never seen him before.

Terry and his lawyer asked him if he hadn't been to the station-house the day before to see the prisoner, and he swore that he had not. One of the officers, though, contradicted the statement. Then his photograph taken there in the station-house was shown him.

"Now," said Terry, "we've got you dead to rights, and I'm going to give you a taste of the law to the very limit."

The fellow was badly frightened when Terry laughed and told him that he had suspected his game and had a photographer secreted at the station-house who took photographs of every man who had called to see the prisoner. The prisoner's lawyer, of course, denounced the whole proceeding as an outrage.

"Outrage or not," said Terry; "we have placed it beyond your power to deny the facts successfully. It was a deliberate attempt at murder, and I'll have witnesses on hand to prove every charge that I have made. You hired that prisoner to kill me, and we caught him with his deadly weapon in his hand."

The prisoner was so badly frightened that, inside of a day or two, he turned state's evidence and admitted that the would-be duelist had hired him to slungshot Terry, and that he had paid one-half the promised reward in advance.

Immediately upon hearing that, Terry had warrants issued for the man's arrest, and so he was landed in the station-house, too. He turned out to be a well-known sporting man of considerable means.

The whole affair created a good deal of excitement. The man could not get out on bail until after the grand jury had acted on his case. When they met a true-bill was found against him. Then he was able, through corrupt ward politics, to get out on bail. He had considerable influence in a certain part of the city, but such was Terry's popularity among all classes of sporting men that the fellow's friends practically deserted him, and the result was that he fled the city for parts unknown.

Of course, both Evelyn and Mary were greatly excited over the matter, and they both insisted that Fred and Terry should sever their connections with the National Athletic Club, but all of their friends advised against it.

Fred told the girls that the same jealousies would follow them in any other locality, and that they would be in just as much danger elsewhere, and Terry thought just as he did about it.

The fact is, both the boys believed that their connection with the club would eventually pave the way for great success for them to assume control of an athletic team of their own. Of course, if they quit now they would have no headquarters where people could be taught all kinds of athletic exercises, and they would have to build a headquarters somewhere else if they severed their connection with the National Athletic Club. Besides, neither one of them wished to set up in rivalry against the Wall street backers of the club, for it would savor much of ingratitude for them to do so.

Both the girls argued with them for quite awhile. Evelyn insisted that their reputations were so good and so widely known that they could go from city to city and draw immense crowds to see and hear them. She asked Fred if he was losing his nerve. He promptly replied that he was not; that he had lost nothing but money.

Just then the thought occurred to Evelyn that the money

she and Mary had won in the great fencing contest with Yale would be sufficient to give them a start, and that it would not be borrowed capital, either. She decided to reveal the secret to Fred and to Terry then and there, so she said:

"Fred, I know where there is forty thousand dollars which belongs equally to you and brother which you know nothing about. You both earned it yourselves, hence you can't refuse to use it on the ground of its being borrowed money."

She then called for Terry, as she wanted them both to hear it at the same time. She told them that she had a little secret to reveal to them, and wanted them to stand up together, to be ready to support each other if either should start to fall down. That set the boys to laughing and wondering what in thunder the secret could be. Then she proceeded to tell it. She said that when she learned that the sporting people were giving odds of two to one against the club fencing team that she and Mary had put up ten thousand dollars each in the hands of Brokers Kennedy and Middleton, and that they had won.

"Now," said she, "we have drawn the principal out of it, returned it to our bank accounts, and the profits are now in the hands of the brokers; so you see that it is not borrowed money, for the capital that produced it has been returned to the bank from which it was drawn. Now, if you don't take it, neither Mary nor I will ever touch a dollar of it. We made that venture just for yours and brother's benefit, and the funniest part of it is," she continued, "that Mary and I thought of the same thing at the same time, and, unknown to each other, we put up the money. I put mine in Mr. Middleton's hands and Mary put hers in Mr. Kennedy's. That night when we returned home we made up our minds to exchange confidences. I never dreamed that Mary had done anything of the kind. When Mary heard my story she threw herself across the bed and laughed until she became hysterical."

While listening to her story, Fred and Terry turned and fell into each other's arms as if overcome. It was a good joke for them. As Evelyn unfolded the story they actually dropped on their knees holding to each other, and it was amusing beyond expression to watch their actions. At times they would both groan as if in great agony. Terry caught Fred's wrist and felt of his pulse. Fred seized him by the shoulder and ordered him to "Poke our your loliker." Terry stuck out his tongue and they both continued to feel each other's pulse.

Evelyn dropped back into her chair and watched them and laughing as she had never laughed before in her life.

Mary was in another part of the house talking with Mrs. Fearnot, but by and by she came into the room where the frolicking was going on. She stopped and looked at them, and noticed that Evelyn was actually weak from excessive laughter. Finally she asked her:

"What is it all about?"

She pointed to the boys and said:

"Look at them, Mary. They are pretending to be over-

come because I have just told them the story of our bet against the Yale fencing team."

"Oh, my!" and Mary's eyes opened wide. She was trying to see from the expression of their faces whether or not they were displeased, and she finally asked Evelyn if they were angry.

Evelyn was unable to answer the question. She had broken out laughing again and had developed such a case of hiccoughs that she couldn't say anything.

"Evelyn, do they forgive us?" she again asked.

Just then Fred sprang to his feet, caught Evelyn in his right arm and Mary in his left and hugged them up to him and kissed them a dozen times alternately. Then Terry butted in and got Mary in his arms, and, kissing her, he said:

"Yes, dear, we will forgive anything that you girls can commit."

Then in her joy Mary fell to kissing him, and was so happy that tears filled her eyes in spite of her.

Finally Evelyn tried to put a stop to it. She pushed Fred down on a chair, but he pulled her down on his knee, still holding her in his arms and showering kisses all over her face.

Finally Evelyn tapped him on the head several times with her fist and called out:

"The meeting will come to order."

Instantly both the boys came to order, and Evelyn put the question, whether or not the action of the ladies had met the approval of the gentlemen. A unanimous vote of approbation was promptly given by the gentlemen.

"Then," said Evelyn, "this meeting is a secret session, and the secret of it must be kept. The money will be handed over to the gentlemen of the committee by check immediately."

"Now, Terry," said Fred, "we have a little capital to start on, and at the end of the month we will resign our positions in the National Athletic Club. Thereafter we will do business on our own hooks, and without a dollar of borrowed money, either."

Fred wired up to the clubhouse that neither he nor Terry would show up until evening, when they would appear to look after their athletic classes. He ordered the carriage and he and Terry and Mary and Evelyn took a long ride through Central Park. Then in the afternoon they attended a matinee at the theater.

"Terry," said Fred, while in the carriage, "these girls are not only the sweetest girls living, but they have found a way to make us do their bidding, and, just think, they waited several months to spring the trap on us."

"Give Evelyn the credit for that," laughed Mary.

"I won't have it," protested Evelyn. "Mary did just as much as I did."

Suddenly Fred said:

"Look here, Terry, let's get a license at once and drive to a dominie and be hitched up."

"All right, I'm willing, and a thousand times more than willing."

"Hold on now, boys, don't be foolish," said Evelyn. "To marry that way would be very foolish; besides, Mary and I are just as happy now as we could be then, so just keep the secret and change your plans at the end of the month, and in a very little while you will both be rich men again."

"What's the matter? You won't marry a poor man, eh?" Fred asked.

"No foolish questions," said Evelyn. "You let us girls act as guardians for you boys, and you'll come out all right. When we think that it is the proper time to marry, why we will let you know, won't we, Mary?"

That was a question that fairly took Mary's breath away from her, for she saw that it was placing the initiative on her and Evelyn, and she was altogether too bashful a girl for that sort of action.

They went downtown to the bank, where the girls drew the checks for twenty thousand dollars each and gave them to Fred and Terry, who at once placed them where they had their present deposits. Then they drove uptown to the matinee at the opera house.

When the performance was over they returned home, where Mrs. Fearnot asked them if they had come to their senses. Both Fred and Terry denied that they had.

That evening the girls remained at the house while the boys went up to the club and resumed their duties there with the classes that they had been instructing for weeks and months.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

On the following Tuesday there was a public athletic exhibition at the clubhouse, at which almost everything in the range of athletics was exhibited for the amusement of the public. The club had not by any means lost its attraction for the public, particularly for the feminine public.

Evelyn and Mary, with a crowd of their girl friends, were on hand in such force as to fill the Fearnot private box.

Fred and Terry were the directors, and the exhibition was everything that the most ardent lovers of athletic sports could wish. But the two boys had been pledged by the girls not to run any more risks in the great gymnasium. They did take part in fencing, boxing and other manly exercises, however. Nearly every evening some one or more of the gymnasts met with little accidents that put them out of business for a time, but nothing serious had occurred.

About this time the governors of the club decided that there should be three public exhibitions a week instead of two. Both Fred and Terry protested that it was too great a strain upon the force in the club's employ.

Six days in the week all the employes had to work hard until six teaching lessons, which numbered several in every branch of the exercises.

They informed the governors that it was also a great strain upon the lovers of athletic sports, and that twice a

week was sufficient. In fact, once a week would be enough, but it was the amount of the gate receipts that the governors looked at.

Fred advised them that the public couldn't stand it, and said that the size of the audiences would diminish greatly and rapidly. Their advice seemed to have no weight with the board of governors, so one day after the performance both Fred and Terry appeared before the governors and renewed their protests, but it did no good. One of them thought that they were paying them sufficient salaries, and said that they didn't think that they ought to attempt to interfere with the board of governors. It then lacked about a week until the end of the month. When they passed that resolution Fred rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I give you one week's notice that I am going to resign my position as manager of this club."

"And I give notice," said Terry, "that in one week I shall hand in my resignation as assistant manager."

This fairly staggered the governors, and several of them at once began protesting. Some of them protested in pretty plain language, but Fred and Terry coolly walked out of the room and left them to discuss the matter among themselves. They did discuss it; some of them saying pretty plainly what they thought of Fred's and Terry's attitude.

Some of the governors had been gradually acquiring the habit of looking down upon Fred and Terry as being simply employes who were working for a salary. But there were several members of the board who were warm personal friends of Fred and Terry, who believed that they should be unmolested in their control of the club without any interference whatever on the part of the board, but the majority disagreed with them.

Each day during the week the boys appeared in their places and did their work in full good faith.

The news had gotten out that Fearnot and Olcott had resigned their positions, to take effect at the end of the week, and the consequence was that letters of inquiry by the hundreds came pouring in, not only to Fred and Terry, but to the governors of the club as well. There were then about five hundred pupils who had paid pretty steep tuition fees to get the benefit of Fred's and Terry's splendid reputation as teachers.

Offers came from scores of wealthy sporting men to back them up in building and running a rival clubhouse, but to each offer they shook their heads and said that they didn't wish to resume the teaching of athletics. It was too hard work, and altogether too confining, and there was not money enough in it for them. It leaked out that they were each drawing a salary of one thousand dollars a month, and there were many club men who thought that was splendid pay; but an old sporting man, in talking with one of the club members, said that Terry and Fred could earn that much a week, and maybe twice as much, if they were in business for themselves.

Finally, just a day before their resignations were to take effect, a committee of the board of governors called on the

boys at their office in the clubhouse and offered to raise their salaries if they would withdraw their resignations.

They both shook their heads. They said that it was impossible for them to do so. Then the governors offered to make them certain concessions, but to every offer they shook their heads, saying that they wanted to get out of the business of teaching athletics, particularly at that institution, because the work was too great for the force of teachers employed, and there was a wide difference of opinion with regard to the management of the club.

On the day that the resignations were sent in several personal friends of Fred's promptly resigned their positions in the club, particularly those among the governors. New directors and managers were elected that night to take Fred's and Terry's places. They were well-known sporting men and had a certain degree of popularity with the sporting public.

All the old employes of the National Athletic Club were retained in their positions, for Fred and Terry had reported them as performing their work faithfully; but at the first public exhibition, which was advertised a week later, the usual audience had dwindled down to less than one-half, and the board of governors actually turned pale as they looked over the audience.

The next day the public press called attention to the dwindling popularity of the club, and, of course, the stockholders among the brokers down in Wall street, who owned the majority of the stock, began quarreling among themselves and laying all the blame on the board of governors. There was talk of a meeting of the stockholders to elect a new board of governors, and the result was that the board of governors resigned almost in a body.

Then there was talk of a reorganization, and all sorts of offers were made Fred and Terry to take charge of it again and run it in their own way.

Some two or three thousand shares of the stock were thrown on the market for sale. The stock was going above par at the time Fred and Terry resigned. It had dwindled down to sixty cents on the dollar when the stock was offered for sale.

The management was reorganized and a brilliant prospectus written and published, but as neither Fred's nor Terry's name was mentioned in connection with it, it fell flat on the public. The stock kept going down, down, until finally it was offered at fifty cents on the dollar.

Quite a number of the pupils resigned their membership, and they talked about organizing another club and placing it in charge of Fred and Terry.

Fred very promptly wrote a card, in which he stated that, under no circumstances, could either he or Terry be persuaded to head another club. The members of the National Club thought that this was a very honorable thing for him to do, for it stopped the decline of the stock, and the stockholders felt really grateful to him for it.

One evening Fred and Terry, with several brokers, entered the club grounds after paying the regular admission.

As soon as they were seen the whole audience rose and yelled a welcome to them.

Thousands sung out:

"Fearnot! Fearnot!"

Others called:

"Olcott! Olcott!"

This was a demonstration of their popularity with the sporting public. Hundreds called for speeches, but neither Fred nor Terry would respond. They simply shook their heads and took their seats.

Several of the governors of the club came to them and begged them to respond to the calls that were made for them, but they refused, saying that it was unusual and would be an imposition.

The Yale fencing team offered to elect Fred captain of their fencing team. They wanted him as their leader in another contest with the National Athletic Club, but he declined the honor, to the great disappointment of the Yale seniors.

Under the rule no outsider could enter the Yale team except graduates of the college. Terry was not a graduate, but Fred was.

Now that both Fred and Terry were out of the club, the Yale team challenged the club team again. But the club team replied that they couldn't enter any contest until the fall season, which meant several months' delay.

Backers of the club offered to pay Fred and Terry a thousand dollars each if they would enter the contest in the interest of the club team, but they declined to do that.

Meanwhile, both the boys were daily discussing their future movements.

Again certain citizens at Fredonia tried to persuade them to establish an athletic club in that place, but they declined on the ground that it was entirely out of the circle of athletic sports.

Evelyn and Mary had returned to Fredonia, and certain citizens there laid them under a regular siege in an effort to cause them to persuade Fred and Terry to accept their proposition.

Propositions then came to them from Chicago, St. Louis and even from San Francisco, all of which they answered by deferring their offers until they could make up their minds what they were finally going to do.

Baseball people in many places called for them.

Three of the old members of their former baseball nine offered to resign business positions they then held in different places if they would again organize the old Fearnot team and tour the country.

One day Fred received a letter that caused him to jump when he read it.

"Terry," said he, "here's a new opening for us. Just read that," and he handed the letter over to him.

It was from the owner of the great Markham House up at Fredonia offering them ten thousand dollars each to take the Markham House and run it during the next season.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Terry, "that is the limit. The

next thing we will hear of a similar offer from Landlord Quinn."

Fred laughed heartily at the idea of their going up to New Era and running Quinn's hotel.

Finally a well-known sporting man offered Fred two thousand dollars as a pitcher and Terry two thousand as catcher for just one game at the famous baseball grounds over in Brooklyn.

He said that he would hire all the other players for the game and pocket the entire receipts as his pay.

"By George, Terry, there's a shrewd fellow," remarked Fred, as he passed the letter over to him.

"I should say he is. He would make fully ten thousand dollars on the game, for at least thirty thousand people would come out to see it."

"Terry, what do you think of our organizing a team of athletes ourselves and making a tour across the continent?"

"Well, I think that we could make it pay."

"Yes, but if it would require a pretty heavy outlay to start with I hardly think that we would be justified in doing so. We have received all sorts of offers from sporting men, and I think that we can organize a company of athletes without going to the usual outlay to start it off."

"All right; we'll see what we can devise."

Finally the new management of the National Athletic Club advertised a "free for all" for both indoor and outdoor exercises, and they spent big money in advertising it. Of course, they expected that, being a free for all meeting, an enormous crowd would be on hand, as was the case when the former management held a similar meeting.

A great crowd of athletes of every description signified their intention of being present. The general expectation was that, now that Fred and Terry were out of the club, there would be a rush of athletes to overwhelm the club representatives in the free for all contest, and some facetious reporter called attention to the fact in his paper.

"Terry, what's the matter with our showing up that day and helping out the club for old time's sake?"

"By George! it would be just the thing, Fred. Some of the best pupils there have resigned, and if we go in and help them out and save the reputation of the club it would set the whole country to laughing at the disappointed ones."

"All right," said Fred, "but we'll keep it a profound secret. Say nothing about it, even to the managers of the club. It may be that we may not see an opening, but if we do we can pitch in and help them out."

One of the vice presidents of the club met Terry and said that the managers expected to be smitten hip and thigh, but that they were compelled to do their best and take the chances.

"Yes, I understand that. I guess we'll show up there that day just to see how your fellows come out."

"Be glad to have you do so," said the vice president. "Come in to my private office; we can see it there from one of the windows. One fellow on the list says he can knock you out in three rounds, but that he is afraid of Fred. He says that Fearnot is too quick for him, and that he has a

way of landing a left-hand blow occasionally that nearly paralyzes a fellow."

"Now, Terry didn't really believe that the man was telling the truth when he said that a pugilist was boasting around the clubhouse that he could knock him out in three rounds, so he went to one of his friends, who would be a contestant, and asked him to find out if the fellow was doing any such bragging as that. The young fellow was eager to do Terry a service, so a few days later he informed Terry that the story was true.

"All right; I'll be on hand then."

"And," he continued, "will give him a round or two as a volunteer."

The young fellow said there was another man who claimed that he could knock Fearnot out.

"Did you hear him say so?"

"Yes, I did. I asked him if he was sure that he was right in his upper story, and he said that he believed he was."

Terry posted Fred, and so the two informed the vice president of the big club company that they would accept his invitation to make his office their headquarters that day, and if certain parties who had been bragging so much about what they could do were there they would be glad to meet them and put on the gloves with them. The vice president informed the other officers of the club to that effect, and they eagerly published the fact that Fred and Terry were expected to be present as guests of the club. When Fred saw the announcement he was a bit angry at first, but they had kept within the bounds of reason, and had simply stated that they were expected to be present as guests of the club, and he could have nothing to say. On the day appointed they went up and were piloted into the office of the vice president of the club company, where they watched the sports as they succeeded each other through the window as had been arranged.

By and by the boxing matches were announced, and both Fred and Terry enjoyed the exercises very much. There were some really good boxers on the boards.

Finally the young fellow who had been bragging that he could knock Terry out in three rounds showed up on the platform. Terry sized him up in the distance and called for his athletic uniform. After putting it on he went out and took his stand beside the manager of the exercises. The young man's name was announced for a contest against another well-known pugilist, and as they both stepped out in front of the audience they received many cheers. Then Terry stepped out and sung out:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to challenge Mr. Granger to a bout of five rounds with the gloves."

Granger turned and stared at him, and somebody told him who Terry was.

The crowd had, of course, recognized Terry, and fairly went wild in their greetings, yelling at the same time for Granger to have a go with him. Granger knew that to decline meant utter ruin for him with the sporting public,

so he stepped out, and, bowing politely, said that he would meet him with pleasure. Then the bout began.

There was only one round, for Terry knocked him out, dealing him such a parlyzing blow that he couldn't stand up when time was called by the referee.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Terry, when the young man failed to come to time, "I'm sorry I hit him so hard. I came here expressly to meet Mr. Granger because he had been bragging in the presence of some of my friends that I couldn't stand before him three rounds. I see he was right, though; for, as the first round is not over and the fight is ended, of course, I can't stand before him during the two. I guess I didn't understand his proposition."

The crowd caught the humor of the joke, and they cheered and yelled and screamed until Terry made his bow and returned to the office of the vice president of the club. He had utterly ruined Granger's reputation before the public as a fighter, thus putting him entirely out of business.

When Fred's man came out Fred suddenly startled him and the audience by appearing before him and asking if he hadn't been saying he could knock him out in five rounds.

The fellow admitted that he had said such a thing, and said he would not believe that he couldn't do it until he had a trial.

"All right," said Fred; "I'm here to give you a chance to do it."

So the bout began.

The fellow could handle himself quite well, and he was quick, strong and plucky. He held his own with Fred during four rounds. In the fifth, though, Fred put him out of business by a left-hand blow that, for awhile, caused the crowd to think that he had killed the man. He not only couldn't respond to the call of time, but he had to be carried out by two attendants and a physician.

Of course, the great crowd acknowledged Fred's superiority by an uproarious demonstration. When he had returned to the vice president's room the crowd yelled fully ten minutes for him to come out and tackle another fellow who wanted to try him, but he refused to do so. His and Terry's acts that day had saved the reputation of the club, and the management of it were highly gratified that the two famous athletes had dropped in in time to help them out in the great "free for all" meet.

THE END.

Read "FRED FEARNOT AND THE CABIN BOY: OR, BEATING THE STEAMBOAT SHARPERS," which will be the next number (333) of "Work and Win."

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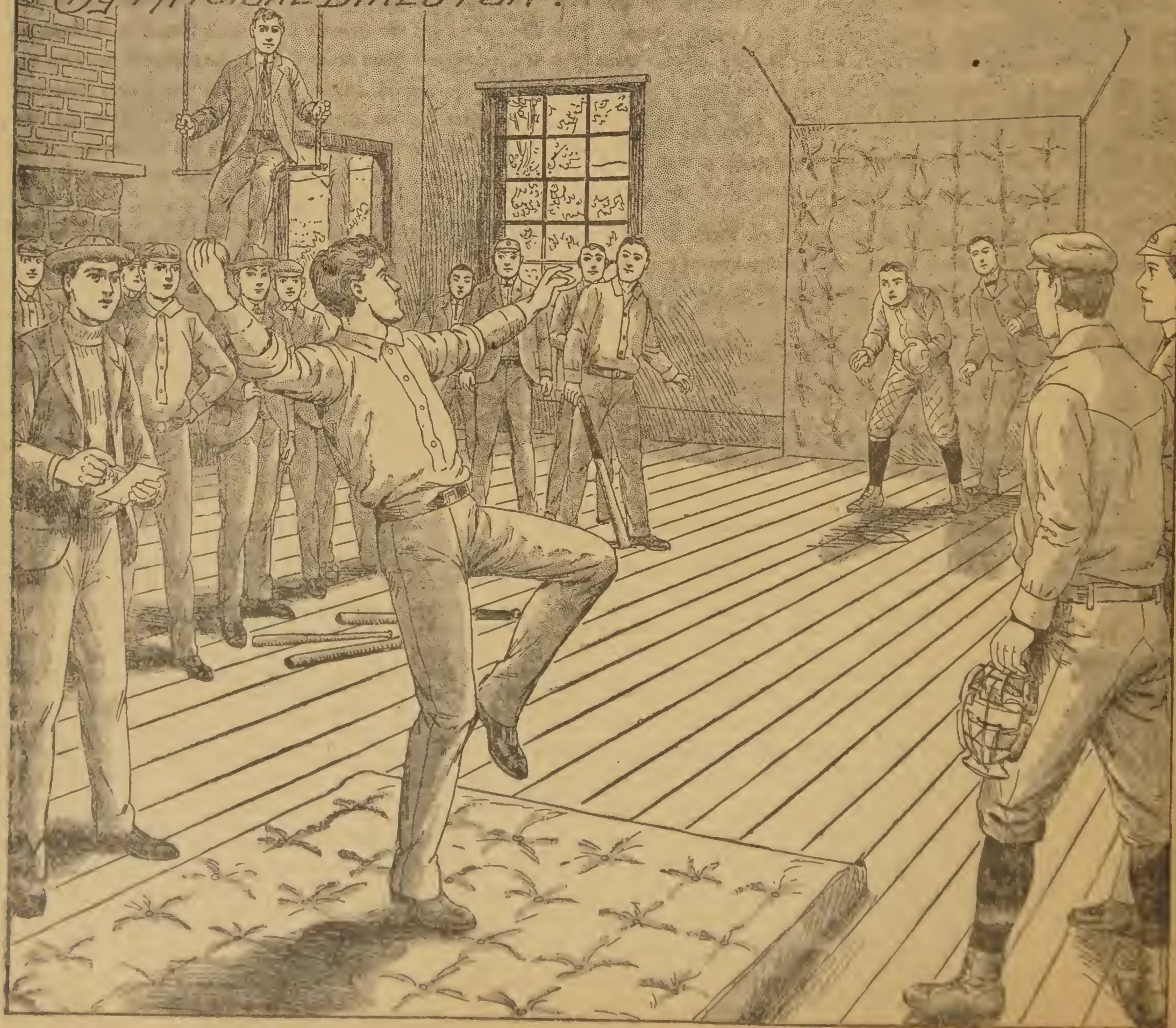
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